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The War • The Home Front • The People
October 2015, Volume Eleven, Number Three

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COVER SHOT: *Prime Minister Hideki Tojo, known to many Americans as Japan's Hitler, was the face of the Pacific war—of the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, the aggressive campaigns to control the Pacific, the atrocities Japanese committed on defenseless POWs, and the stubborn refusal to end the fighting and its horrors despite obvious defeat.* NATIONAL ARCHIVES

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★
KILROY WAS HERE

To Victory!

HERE WE ARE, 70 YEARS FROM THE END of the biggest war in history, celebrating the anniversary of the defeat of Nazism, fascism, violent expansionism, and other types of tyrannical and supremacist isms. With the help of England and others, America defeated Adolf Hitler, Hideki Tojo, and their ilk. Long live the Allies and democracy!

But these cheers must be mitigated by a "not so fast." First, democracy was not the only winner in the great global conflict. The totalitarian Soviet Union was critical to quashing Germany. Over the following decades, the Great Communist Hope challenged the United States for world supremacy. It took forty-some years for the Berlin Wall, which physically and symbolically divided the democratic West from the communist East, to fall, forecasting the end of Soviet Russia the WWII victor.

Again, not so fast. In recent months, President Vladimir Putin has exerted Russian power in Ukraine. Apparently intending to shake the foundations of the European Union and send a trans-Atlantic message to the world's remaining superpower, Putin has put Russia back in the spotlight on the world stage—not a flattering light when viewed from the West, but she has plenty of suitors who find her attractive.

Neither was Nazism completely eliminated. Although Hitler's military forces were defeated, and postwar societal pressure and laws kept anything related to Nazism under wraps in Germany, the embers from the flames of war still glowed. From Holocaust deniers to radical right-wing skinheads to garden-variety racial supremacists who seem to sprout up like weeds in all sorts of barren soils and adverse conditions, the Hitler legacy is alive and thriving.

The German apparel company Thor Steinar is hot right now in certain European circles. There are no swastikas on the label's printed tops, but there are symbols with unmistakable similarities. Such symbols can become code understood by those in the know. A red bandana, for example, might not be just a red bandana, but a gang flag. Thor Steinar washes its hands, but what's the explanation for all the neo-Nazis wearing its clothing?

Of course, we don't have to look across oceans for evidence of bigotry and other evils that would have been right at home in Hitler's Germany or Josef Stalin's Russia. They're right here in our own backyard, right now. A young man guns down the pastor and eight worshippers in a Charleston church. A gunman kills four marines and a sailor in Chattanooga. The list goes on.

All of this is a reminder that winning a war is temporary. We can beat evil back, but it will survive. Still, we must celebrate our victories, however flawed and short-lived they may be. They're what keep us going, what give us strength to sustain the struggle to keep evil in check. And they do win us respite. Victory in World War II saved England, liberated France, freed concentration camp survivors, and eventually turned Japan into a long-term ally. So we're thankful for what the WWII generation sacrificed and accomplished in their finest hour. Here's to victory! And peace!

Carl Zebrowski
Editor, *America in WWII*

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V-MAIL

THREE VOTES FOR THE BOMB

I HAVE STUDIED the development and military deployment of the first atomic bombs and have heard all the arguments regarding the yes-or-no question. Your two articles ["Harry Truman's Simple Decision" by Wilson D. Miscamble and "While the Emperor Fiddled" by Paul Ham, in the August 2015 issue] demonstrated why there is still controversy.

I agree with the decision to use [the bomb]. It is true that Truman wanted to demonstrate atomic power to Stalin. Also, if Americans learned that the United States possessed such a weapon and did not use it, there would have been political and moral outrage over "needless American deaths" that would still reverberate today.

No matter how much revisionist history is produced, there is no changing the fact that Japanese cities were doomed to suffer fire or atomic bombing from the time their carriers first departed Japanese docks and headed east. In the period between 1918 and 1939, civilian populations became legitimate targets for military powers. Things have not changed since then.

RON GIUNTINI
San Francisco, California

I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED reading your thoughtful coverage about Truman's decision to use the atomic bomb. I've studied this issue for years, and I find that Wilson Miscamble articulated my viewpoint the best, as he placed Truman's decision in the context of the situation facing the Allies in late July 1945. Miscamble details the facts that Truman had to consider, and I would add another important, if oft overlooked, factor: the war-weariness of the American people combined with the great reticence of the veterans of the war in Europe to invade Japan. If we placed ourselves in Truman's position, we'd have to admit he made the only reasonable decision available to him. Truman did not have the benefit of knowing what was to come in the future Cold War.

My grandfather was in the 6th Marine Division at Okinawa. He might have been a part of the Operation Coronet invasion and might not have survived the experience.

ROBERT CARVER
Harahan, Louisiana

SINCE I AM NEARLY 80 years old, I am part of the history [Paul Ham] is changing to suit himself. The A-bomb business was settled prior to 1950, which, as you know, was within five years of VJ Day. The Japanese were terrified by the technology, as was the whole world. Perhaps Ham has some ax to grind or has discovered something new, which I doubt, since the subject has been beaten to death—possibly before he was born?

I have read some of his other excellent works and find this article consistent with his usual MO. He is a revisionist. Yes, revisionism sells, but I was surprised to see it (stated as fact) in your fine publication.

BOB FORTUNA
Fortuna, California

Editor's note: *I wouldn't say we stated Mr. Ham's assertions as fact. His anti-bomb article offers his opinion, just as Dr. Miscamble's pro-bomb article offers* his *opinion. Our goal was to present both sides of the argument.*

REFRESHING MEMORIES

AS SOON AS I READ the article "A Real Victory for the Real Thing" in the August 2015 issue, I remembered an entry made in the book *The Story of a Squadron* [1946, by Frederick W. Gillies] about the history of the 154th Reconnaissance Squadron. My father, Francis S. Kalinowski, served as the engineering officer for the squadron the entire war, from its landing on the second day of Operation Torch in North Africa to the end of the war in Bari, Italy.

His WWII diaries were full of descriptions of food and rations, so it was not surprising that the squadron book would be the same. The book includes the following entry from April 8, 1944: "Another red-letter day—the first bottle of ice cold Coca-Cola in 18 months is issued by the PX." The "18 months" would indicate the length of time since the airmen had access to a Coca-Cola since leaving England to participate in Operation Torch. Although my father's diaries did not mention Coke (plenty of mentions of Hershey bars, though), it was definitely a cause to celebrate.

FRANCIS S. KALINOWSKI II
Hixson, Tennessee

NOT SPITFIRES

I ENJOYED THE ARTICLE "A Wild Duck's War" in the August issue. However, I would like to point out two errors in the captions to the aircraft photos. The plane being serviced on page 47 is a Curtiss P-40 Warhawk. I believe that the wrecked aircraft on page 51 is a Hurricane, not a Spitfire.

CHRISTIAN BOEGLE
Lindenhurst, New York

THE LEFT PHOTO [on page 47] appears to be a P-36 Curtiss Hawk (radial engine) and the ground crewmen seem to be American, because of their billed caps. Markings are most likely French, too! Note the exit hatch "door" on the Spitfire in the right photo—absent from the plane on the left.

CHRISTOPHER O'DONNELL
www.flightoftheresolution.org
Half Moon Bay, California

Editor's note: *Reader Joe Brescia of Hopewell, New York, suspects the plane on page 51 "to be of either French or Italian origin.... A French-built Dewoitine D.520 fighter is our best guess."*

GREMLINS

June 2015: "2015 WWII Air Shows"—The Winston-Salem Airshow is September 19 and 20, not 13 and 14.

Send us your comments and reactions—especially the favorable ones! Mail them to V-Mail, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or e-mail them to editor@americainwwii.com.

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Believe It!

by Carl Zebrowski

TWO AND A HALF MILES is a long way for a person to fall and survive. But that, believe it or not, is what happened to Joe Frank Jones of the US Eighth Air Force. While returning from a bombing mission over Germany in his B-17, there was an unexplained midair collision. The bomber broke in half and Jones ended up in the tail. He remained there all the way to the ground. Then he got up and walked away.

It was quite a story, yet the miraculously spared airman was not the real star. The star was the storyteller, Robert Ripley. He was the famous one. Wartime Americans read his incredible *Believe It or Not* illustrated stories—and he said he could "prove every statement" he made—on the funny pages daily, listened to his radio shows, watched his short films, and visited his Odditorium museums in a handful of cities to witness some of the world's strangest artifacts. Jones won one of Ripley's weekly contests in 1945 for best war story, earning $100 and 15 minutes of fame. Ripley, meanwhile, was known the world over, had been voted most popular man in America by *New York Times* readers, and was one of the highest-paid talents in journalism.

Ripley's rise to celebrity and fortune began with his doing sports cartoons for newspapers in his native San Francisco Bay Area at age 16. A dozen years later, in 1918, his *Believe It or Not* cartoon premiered. By 1930, newspaper mogul William Randolph Hearst had hired him for $100,000 a year to do the cartoons daily for the hundreds of newspapers fed by his worldwide syndicate.

By the time Europe erupted in war, Ripley was a household name, and he took to the airwaves to urge President Franklin Roosevelt, whom he once toasted as "that son of a bitch," to keep the United States out of the fight. Then came Pearl Harbor,

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Robert Ripley worked for NBC radio more than once during his career, including as host of the program *Scramble*, which aired in 1943 to promote youth aviation.

and his argument was moot. The lifestyle of this globetrotter who'd visited 201 countries collecting oddities changed drastically due to wartime travel restrictions.

Ripley's first wartime venture was the radio show *See All the Americas with Bob Ripley*, a propaganda program funded by the US government (though Ripley was sworn to secrecy about that). His mission was to come up with *Believe It or Not* bits that promoted friendly relations between the United States and her Latin American neighbors. "If someone should ask me where I have derived the greatest content," he blurted, "I would have to say, truthfully, South America." (*Truthfully*, friends knew he preferred Asia.) The government canceled the weekly half-hour show in mid-1942 when Ripley revealed the location of a US fighter squadron in the South Pacific.

The next big thing for Ripley was the radio program *Scramble*, begun in 1943 to attract youngsters to military aviation. It was a vehicle for stories of his prewar adventures in far-off exotic lands. Cross-country trips speaking to Boy Scout troops, school assemblies, and junior aviation groups followed to help press home his point that flying was fun and exciting.

As the war started to wind down, Ripley started the show *Rhythm, Romance, and Ripley*, 15 minutes 5 nights a week devoted exclusively to "amazing wonders culled from a world at war." Still churning out 7 cartoons a week (though he had help from apprentices by then), he was itching to roam and escaped the States and his hectic schedule for Cuba at Christmastime 1944. There, he heard about a volcano that had sprung up in a Mexican cornfield. His response was to try to buy it—"I could have charged admissions and made money off it"—but the Mexican government nixed the attempt.

The war years were successful for Ripley, but difficult. He lost many close friends. Ties he'd forged in foreign countries in the twenties and thirties had frayed while he was stuck stateside for so long. Meanwhile, he found out his ongoing trouble with aching, swollen feet was caused by a heart condition. It would kill him in 1949.

Jones the lucky airman may be almost forgotten at this point in the story. But Ripley? As Max Schuster, co-founder of Simon and Schuster publishing, wrote, "After twenty-five years of awed and breathless admiration I am more convinced than ever that the greatest Believe It or Not of them all is the story of Bob Ripley." The fact that people still know the name of an amateur anthropologist three-quarters of a century after his death suggests Schuster was onto something. ★

As a little girl in Cincinnati, Irene Manning dreamed of show business. She sang in her sleep loud enough to wake her siblings at night, rehearsing for a career that would take her from Broadway to London's West End.

That career was born when big-band leader Glenn Miller saw her perform in an all-girl USO show in England. He invited her to be part of his newest project: recording swing records for broadcast into Nazi Germany by the American Broadcasting System in Europe. She was classically trained in opera and could sing fluently in German, so she had the uncommon ability to record American pop songs with lyrics translated so the enemy could understand them.

In addition to her accomplishments in music, Manning had a successful acting career. She made a dozen films and performed in musicals in New York and London. She starred in her own British Broadcasting Corporation show, *An American in England*, until she returned to the United States in 1951. After dabbling in television and nightclub work, she retired from performing to teach voice and acting. She died in 2001 at age 89.

Lizzy Hardison
editorial intern

PHOTO FROM THE US ARMY WEEKLY PUBLICATION *YANK DOWN UNDER*, 1944

Barney the Bomber

by Arnold T. Blumberg

Approved by the Junior Birdmen of America
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BARNEY BAXTER
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BARNEY BAXTER BOMBED TOKYO and flew to the moon, but the closest he came to getting his name in a history book was getting it in a *comics* history book. This torpedo-bomber pilot spent a decade and a half flying on airborne adventures in the funny pages and, for a few of those years, lent his aviation talents to the effort to defeat the Axis powers in World War II.

Originally titled *Barney Baxter in the Air* when it debuted in 1936, writer and artist Frank Miller's comic strip was shortened to *Barney Baxter* in 1943. By that point, Miller (not to be confused with the *Batman* writer of the same name) had handed over the series to artist Bob Naylor. Miller returned from his hiatus in 1945 and would continue to work on the series until his death in 1949, drawing all along on his personal experience as a pilot to lend credibility to Barney's fanciful escapades.

Barney was a tough-looking, stocky fellow—not your typical matinee idol of a hero. An enthusiastic teenage aviation student when the series debuted, he matured into a 20-something crime-fighting war veteran by the time the strip ended, thanks in part to the mentorship of fellow aviator Cyclone Smith. He flew to the moon in one memorable episode. More typically, he and his sidekick Gopher Gus, friend Hap Walters, and girlfriend Patricia battled the usual array of bad guys through the late thirties and forties, including spies, pirates, and of course, the evil forces of the Axis.

In a coincidence that tied Barney's fictional flying to real-world events, Miller wrote a story in which Barney bombed Tokyo. Eight weeks after Miller finished the strip, it ran in newspapers on April 18, 1942, the exact day that pilot James Harold "Jimmy" Doolittle flew the Tokyo raid that bears his name and earned him the Medal of Honor. ★

Barney Baxter (left) showed you didn't need brawn or handsome looks to fight crime like a superhero, but every hero did need a loyal sidekick. Barney had Gopher Gus (center, in a strip, and right, on a comic book) to help him beat warlords, pirates, and Axis villains.

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Where Warbirds Buzz the Beach

by Robert Gabrick

The Military Aviation Museum's Goodyear FG-1D Corsair rips through the air at 2015's Warbirds Over the Beach air show.

The Military Aviation Museum is about warbirds—no surprise there. More specifically, this unique museum in Virginia Beach, Virginia, is about warbirds that don't just sit still in a hangar. These birds *fly*, and that's something of a miracle.

After World War II, America demobilized fast. Aircraft once vital to victory stood row upon row in boneyards, awaiting scrap dealers' cutting torches. America's industrial juggernaut had produced about 280,000 planes for the war, but with peace, 150,000 became surplus. By late 1945, some 30 boneyards in California, Arizona, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Georgia, and Texas held an estimated 117,000 aircraft.

Some of those surplus planes were "cocooned" or "pickled"—stored for possible future use. Most ended up scrapped or sold, moved by the government at fire-sale prices. In 1939, a B-17 Flying Fortress bomber cost about $300,000, dropping to about $188,000 by 1945; as surplus, it was just $13,750. A sophisticated P-61 Black Widow night fighter, nearly $650,000 in 1939 and $200,000 by 1945, fetched a mere $6,000. P-40 Warhawk fighters were a real bargain at just $1,250; they were $44,000 apiece in 1945.

Few warbirds survived the sell-off. Even fewer underwent the costly restoration to regain airworthiness. Some of those few make up the extraordinary flying collection at the Military Aviation Museum. Founder Gerald Yagen spent years collecting and restoring planes, building one of the world's largest private collections of operational historic military aircraft.

Established in 2005, the Military Aviation Museum offers a different approach to museum displays. A lack of barriers lets visitors examine restored planes up close. Whether you tour the hangars or attend the museum's annual two-day Warbirds Over the Beach Air Show in May, you'll be nose to nose with real history.

The museum's collection includes examples from the earliest days of aerial combat to the Korean War, but more than 30 WWII planes—American, British, Russian, German, and Italian—form its core. All of these are fully operational, and in order to keep them flying, museum personnel conduct annual inspections and perform necessary maintenance in the 16,000 square-foot Fighter Factory. Docent led tours of the facility are available on weekdays

When the museum's WWII legacies and visiting aircraft take wing during Warbirds Over the Beach, spectators line the grass runway adjacent to the main building to watch the takeoffs and landings. Museum warbirds in action in 2015 included a British 1943 Supermarine Spitfire MK IXE, which saw service in Northern Italy and Yugoslavia. Also among the iconic American aircraft was a 1944 Grumman FM-2 Wildcat, a fighter type that was instrumental in the battles of Wake Island, the Coral Sea, and Midway. The museum's Wildcat served in the Philippines. Other museum fighters in the air included a 1941 Curtiss P-40E Kittyhawk with shark-face nose art, a 1945 North American P-51D Mustang that flew with the Eighth Air Force, and a 1944 North American B-25J Mitchell medium bomber that was originally equipped for surveillance.

Of the WWII US Navy planes in this year's show, the crowd favorite was the museum's 1945 Goodyear FG-1D Corsair, built under license from Vought Aircraft Company. The first American fighter to exceed 400 mph, the Corsair earned the nickname Whistling Death from the

ALL PHOTOS BY ROBERT GABRICK

WWII warbirds that fly are the focus at the Military Aviation Museum in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Above, right: A mostly wooden British De Havilland DH-98 Mosquito gets a look at one of five hangars. One hangar is a restoration facility. Top left: The Consolidated-Vultee PBY-5A Catalina lands on water or land. Lower left: A reconstructed BMW TLJ-2 jet prototype sits in the 1930s German Cottbus hangar.

Japanese for its superior capabilities and the sound created by air flowing over the oil coolers in the wings' leading edges. The distinctive angled shape of the wings provides ground clearance for the engine's large propeller. Of more than 12,000 built, only 28 airworthy examples remain.

Back inside the hangars is a PBY Catalina, one of the museum's more unusual warbirds. Though the Catalina is a flying boat, this one, a 1943 Consolidated-Vultee PBY-5A Catalina, has landing gear, which makes it fully amphibious—able to land on the ground or on water. It was a Catalina that first spotted the Japanese fleet heading for Midway in June 1942.

Warplanes of America's allies, housed in separate army and navy hangars, represent one part of the story told at the Military Aviation Museum. The museum's WWII Soviet aircraft include a Yakovlev Yak-3, recreated using original parts and dies, and a 1941 Mikoyan-Gurevich MIG-3 constructed from parts from six recovered wrecks.

There are also aircraft from Germany. In the Cottbus hangar is the Luftwaffe collection, featuring planes that bedeviled the Allies in Europe and North Africa. Originally constructed in 1934 at Cottbus, Germany, southeast of Berlin, the hangar was disassembled there and reassembled here at the museum. The stars in the hangar are three Focke-Wulf fighters. Also here is a Messerschmitt Me 262 Schwalbe jet fighter (actually a replica built using a dismantled original as a template). The sight and sound of the Me 262 as it thundered over the crowd at Warbirds Over the Beach was a highlight of the 2015 show.

The Germans employed cutting-edge technological creativity during the war, and the Cottbus hangar gives examples of this in three displays, each re-creating a flying weapon that was never implemented. One, the Blohm and Voss P 214, was a bomb attached to a small plane with a pilot. Dropped from a bomber, the P-214 would fly to its target steered by its pilot, who would detach his small aircraft at the last moment. Another weapon was the rocket powered Fliegende Panzerfaust ("Flying Bazooka"). Once it was towed to the desired altitude, a pilot inside would start six rocket engines, aim the flying bomb to ram an enemy plane, and bail out.

Inside the main building of the museum, all sorts of artifacts and machinery, all somehow related to military aircraft and the men who flew them, are on display. Visitors to the upper level can view an aviation art exhibit. Another display commemorates the significance of women in military aviation.

Following the war, *Arizona Highways* editor Raymond Carlson wrote of the WWII planes in his state's boneyards: "In their fighting days they were proud, serene, deadly rulers of all the skies above Earth, magnificent machines of war, beloved by the young men who were part of them." At the Military Aviation Museum, these magnificent machines of war still rule the skies, if only for brief moments. ★

IN A NUTSHELL

WHAT Military Aviation Museum

WHERE Virginia Beach, Virginia

WHY Get close to WWII warbirds that still fly • Hear the thunder at the Warbirds Over the Beach Air Show every May • Peek at Nazi Germany's experimental flying weapons

For more information call 757-721-PROP or visit www.militaryaviationmuseum.org

ROBERT GABRICK, *a contributing editor of* America in WWII, *wrote about Arizona's warbird boneyards in our August 2009 issue.*

Putting peace on paper, representatives of Japan and the Allied nations sign the Instrument of Surrender by which Japan formally gives up, ending World War II in the Pacific theater. It is September 2, 1945, and the surrender ceremony is taking place aboard the USS *Missouri (BB-63)*, anchored in Tokyo Bay. In this image shot from *Missouri*'s superstructure by an army photographer, Japan's delegates stand stiffly on the deck below after signing. At a desk facing them, Admiral Conrad E.L. Helfrich (seated) signs on behalf of the Netherlands. At his right stands US General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, the Allied supreme commander, Southwest Pacific Area. One more signature, from New Zealand's delegate, remains. Then, after a word from MacArthur, the postwar era will begin.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Ink on Paper ENDS A WAR

Ninety-two years after Commodore Perry sailed into Tokyo Bay and pushed Japan onto the world stage at gunpoint, the Americans were back. This time, their mission was to seal a lasting peace.

ALL PHOTOS, THIS STORY, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED, NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Churning into Tokyo Bay on September 2 (above), the *Iowa*-class battleship *Missouri* leads her elder sister, USS *Iowa (BB-61)*, for which the class was named. A case on *Missouri*'s weather deck houses a priceless artifact that connected that day to events nearly a century earlier: the flag that flew from Commodore Matthew Perry's flagship in 1853 when he steamed into Tokyo Bay—then called Edo Bay—to force Japan to accept trade with the United States. For Japan, subsequent interaction with the West led to industrialization, the adoption of western military science, and dreams of ruling Asia. Like Perry's forcible entry into Tokyo Bay, the *Missouri*'s arrival signaled a new era for Japan, this time as a postwar member of the global community. On surrender day, MacArthur and Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz (opposite, from left), commander in chief of the US Pacific Fleet and the Pacific Ocean Areas, walk side by side onto the *Missouri*'s deck.

Honor in the face of humiliation was the goal of Japan's 11 delegates (opposite). They arrived aboard the *Missouri* at 9 A.M. Two would sign the surrender. Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu (opposite, far right in top hat, and this page, bottom left, signing) signed for the emperor and government. General Yoshijiro Umezu, chief of the army general staff (opposite, in uniform at far right, and this page, top, signing) represented the military. After the Japanese signed both copies—one for the Allies, in gold-embossed leather binding, and one for Japan in plain canvas—MacArthur signs to accept the surrender (above, bottom right; newly released POW Lieutenant General Jonathan Wainwright, forced to surrender the Philippines in 1942, stands behind him). Then representatives of each Allied power will sign, beginning with Nimitz.

INSTRUMENT OF SURRENDER

We, acting by command of and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters, hereby accept the provisions set forth in the declaration issued by the heads of the Governments of the United States, China and Great Britain on 26 July 1945, at Potsdam, and subsequently adhered to by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which four powers are hereafter referred to as the Allied Powers.

We hereby proclaim the unconditional surrender to the Allied Powers of the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters and of all Japanese armed forces and all armed forces under Japanese control wherever situated.

We hereby command all Japanese forces wherever situated and the Japanese people to cease hostilities forthwith, to preserve and save from damage all ships, aircraft, and military and civil property and to comply with all requirements which may be imposed by the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers or by agencies of the Japanese Government at his direction

We hereby command the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters to issue at once orders to the Commanders of all Japanese forces and all forces under Japanese control wherever situated to surrender unconditionally themselves and all forces under their control

We hereby command all civil, military and naval officials to obey and enforce all proclamations, orders and directives deemed by the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers to be proper to effectuate this surrender and issued by him or under his authority and we direct all such officials to remain at their posts and to continue to perform their non-combatant duties unless specifically relieved by him or under his authority.

We hereby undertake for the Emperor, the Japanese Government and their successors to carry out the provisions of the Potsdam Declaration in good faith, and to issue whatever orders and take whatever action may be required by the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers or by any other designated representative of the Allied Powers for the purpose of giving effect to that Declaration

We hereby command the Japanese Imperial Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters at once to liberate all allied prisoners of war and civilian internees now under Japanese control and to provide for their protection, care, maintenance and immediate transportation to places as directed.

The authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government to rule the state shall be subject to the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate these terms of surrender.

Ink on Paper **ENDS A WAR**

Signed at TOKYO BAY, JAPAN at 9 04 ½ 1
on the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER, 1945

重光葵

By Command and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan and the Japanese Government

梅津美治郎

By Command and in behalf of the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters

Accepted at TOKYO BAY, JAPAN at 0908 I
on the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER, 1945,
for the United States, Republic of China, United Kingdom and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and in the interests of the other United Nations at war with Japan.

Douglas MacArthur
Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers

C. W. Nimitz
United States Representative

徐永昌
Republic of China Representative

Bruce Fraser
United Kingdom Representative

Lt. Gen. K. Derevyanko
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics Representative

[illegible]
Commonwealth of Australia Representative

[illegible]
Dominion of Canada Representative

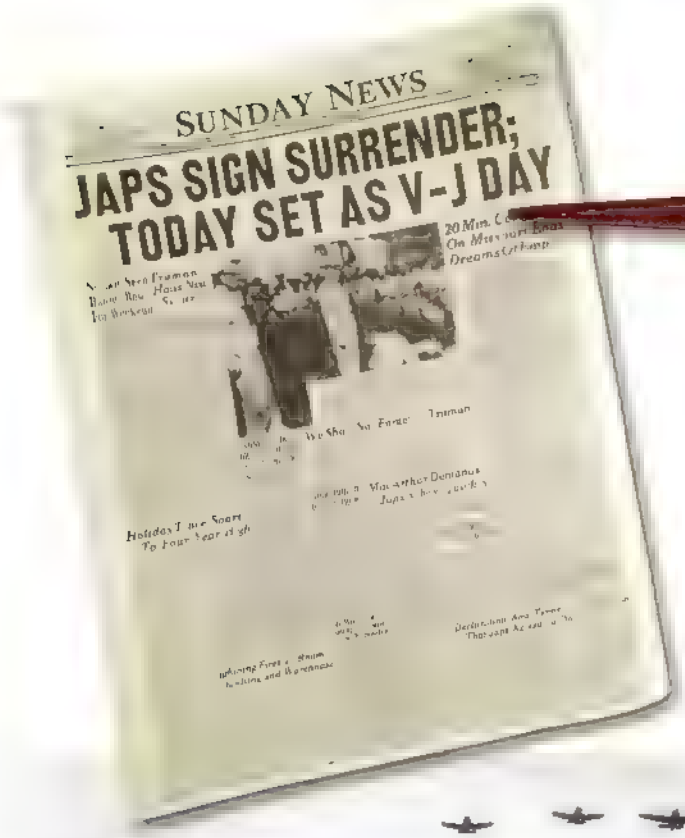
[illegible]
Provisional Government of the French Republic Representative

[illegible]
Kingdom of the Netherlands Representative

[illegible]
Dominion of New Zealand Representative

It took 23 minutes, the terse ceremony aboard the *Missouri*. In addition to the sailors and military press personnel who packed the *Missouri* to see and record the proceedings, people around the world witnessed the historic ceremony via live radio broadcast. The terms (opposite, the Allied copy) were straightforward, and the signing (above, inset, Umezu) was uneventful—almost. Colonel Lawrence Moore Cosgrove, Canada's representative, was blind in one eye from a WWI injury. He signed the Allied copy correctly (above). But when he signed Japan's copy, he accidentally signed under rather than over his printed title, on the French envoy's line. This threw off the remaining three signers, each of whom signed under his printed title. To fix the error, US Lieutenant General Richard K. Sutherland crossed out the title under each misplaced signature and wrote in the correct one. This alteration upset the Japanese envoys until Sutherland initialed each change.

Ink on Paper ENDS A WAR


SUNDAY NEWS

JAPS SIGN SURRENDER; TODAY SET AS V-J DAY

Then it was history. MacArthur had opened with a call to build a world safeguarding human dignity. He closed with a caution: unless humans ceased making war, "Armageddon will be at our door." As he finished, wave upon wave of US Third Fleet carrier planes roared overhead in formation (below, with *Missouri* visible, and opposite, seen from the ship). Then came land-based B-29 Superfortresses that had ravaged Japan with bombs. Newspapers across America and the world rushed the surrender story into print (left). Couriers flew photos from Tokyo to the White House. Souvenirs circulated aboard the *Missouri*, the rarest being pens used in the signing, such as this India-made pen (above) presented to US Lieutenant General Raymond A. Wheeler. The war was really over. ★

NEWSPAPER: AMERICA IN WWII COLLECTION; PEN: US ARMY

Freedom! Finally!

GIs around the world danced, shouted, and toasted victory—and eagerly prepared to leave the military behind for the beautiful humdrum of civilian life.

by Eric Ethier

For war-weary Yanks in Europe after Germany's surrender, leave time in Paris was as good as life got, and it was good indeed. But on August 15, 1945, GIs and WACs at the Rainbow Corner, a Red Cross club, got thrilling news: Japan had surrendered. Suddenly, the war was *over!* The *Stars and Stripes* newspaper summed up the news in one word: Peace.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Finally! by Eric Ethier

JUST DAYS BEFORE JAPAN'S SURRENDER, Lieutenant General Alexander Patch, commander of US Fourth Army, touched on the mood of war-weary Americans. "They know in their minds that we are still at war," he said. "But in their hearts they find it hard to believe we have not already won." Then the lightning-like destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki got disbelieving Americans, particularly those in the military, asking questions: Had they finally won? Was the end, the *real* end, near? And if so, what came next?

By August 1945, the outcome of the war with Japan seemed obvious. But the island empire's death throes scarcely resembled those of Nazi Germany, which had imploded three months earlier amid frenzied Allied bull rushes. Not even the fall of Okinawa and the horrific fire-bombing of Japanese cities had slowed the exhausting war of attrition in the Pacific. Germany's defeat had freed up vast resources, but transferring it all was taking months. Government and military officials had steadfastly schooled the public to anticipate a drawn out finish. Some saw fighting continuing another two years. Viewing their collective lot with growing resignation, GIs in the Pacific adopted the wry slogan "From hell to heaven in '47."

And then, in a flash, everything changed. The atomic bombs fell, the Soviet Red Army attacked Japanese forces in Manchuria, and negotiations for Japan's surrender began. Americans began to process the idea that the long nightmare might be over. Anne O'Hare McCormick, a Pulitzer Prize–winning foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, saw solemnity in them, as though the bomb had awakened them to strange new realities. At the same time, she wrote, "A good many feel like the Georgia boy who lost his left arm at Anzio and waved his right from a cross-town bus to tell his buddies that 'Uncle Sam' has proved he can lick the world."

Even if the sentiment was apt, the men in uniform were not yet ready to indulge in such philosophy. In still-active combat areas, flying rumors and spine-tingling possibilities kept even the most grizzled veterans on their toes—almost unwilling to hope for the best. "I can't remember such excitement and hopeful speculation," declared a GI in the Philippines. Another wrote, "Now that the end is so near, we are all aroused to a new pitch of hate and want to see the Japs utterly smashed if they do not end it soon."

Hearing the latest news in pacified Italy, Fifth Army GIs who were equally eager to go home tapped celebratory casks of wine. "Once we get the true word that it's over, maybe we will drain these kegs dry," said a Bronx native, considering the possibility of returning to his family. "Maybe we are nearer 143 Longfellow Avenue than we think."

They were. At 7 P.M. on August 14, President Harry Truman announced that Japan had finally given up. Surrender papers would be formally signed aboard USS *Missouri* on September 2, which Truman officially designated as V J Day (although many Americans continue to recognize either August 14 or 15 as such). For the next couple of days, the electrifying bulletin crackled over radios, interrupting combat and slowing the churning gears of war. On the morning of August 15, 20th Infantry GIs hunting defiant Japanese in the rain-drenched hills of Luzon were suddenly ordered to stop firing. "At 0830 a sudden, heavy silence descended upon all of the mountains," a battalion surgeon noted later. "It was almost a religious experience to feel the silence."

On Guam, the news stunned 3rd Marine Division men who had been deep in training for what they assumed would be the final assault on Japan. According to Joseph N. DuCanto, then an 18-year-old member of the 3rd Engineer Battalion assigned to the 21st Marine Regiment, the end "left many of us feeling like racehorses on which the starting gate had locked. For many months we had been training and honing our skills, looking towards the inevitable landing on the home shores, and now, suddenly, our mission and motivation had vanished."

The marines on Guam quickly got over the shock. Robert "Cal" Hawthorne of the 22nd Marine Regiment was trying to sleep when a rising clamor punctuated by shouts and laughs raced down a line of six-man tents to jolt him upright. "The war is over!

LEFT & OPPOSITE: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: The news hit New York City at 7:03 P.M., scrolling across the *New York Times* Building's "zipper": "Official—Truman Announces Japanese Surrender." Times Square, jammed with people awaiting the word, exploded with cheers. Celebration went on all night. Opposite: There was a fine line between revelry and mayhem. In San Francisco, drunken sailors went on a destructive spree, and the iconic victory scene from Times Square—seen here in a photo by navy photographer Lieutenant Victor Jorgensen—featured a sailor kissing a stranger caught off guard.

The war is over! The war is over!" went the refrain. "Everyone jumped out of their cots, most of us naked as jay birds, and ran out into the company street to learn that Japan had surrendered...," Hawthorne recalled. "We were absolutely hysterical with joy, jumping up and down, rolling in the dirt, dancing and shouting." Of course, officers ordered everyone back into training the next morning. "We complied," Hawthorne wrote, "but we all had big smiles on our faces."

Word of the surrender and orders to return to ship reached the US Navy's Task Force 38 pilots as they zipped toward Japan with full bombloads. Hours later, they roared over the home islands with new payloads for new targets: packages of food, cigarettes, and vitamins for prisoner-of-war camps. The condition of American captives, and the Japanese response awaiting the bombers, was anyone's guess. As it turned out, remembered then-Captain Thomas H. Robbins, Jr., commander of the aircraft carrier *Lexington*, there was "no AA [anti-aircraft] fire, no enemy fighters, only hundreds of white-shirted men insane with joy. The crew of the *Lexington* nearly went mad as they got the news from the returning fliers. I can't describe their feeling of exaltation, when for the first time they had eyewitness testimony that the war was really over, and that many of our prisoners were still alive."

IT TOOK A BIT MORE TIME for the news to reach others. Captain James Johnston, master of the troop ship *Sea Cat*, got the message as he and what he described as a "depressed crowd" of some 2,000 GIs steamed through the Strait of Gibraltar on August 18. Three days earlier they had departed Italy, bound for

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

duty in the Pacific. "I let them eat their breakfast first without any excitement," Johnston later said, "before telling them over the ship's loudspeaker that we were headed for home, and what a racket they made then!"

Meanwhile, three American doctors released from a POW camp in Kobe, Japan, brazenly made their way to the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. They managed to eat a first-rate dinner before their presence drew the scrutiny of an angry Japanese military police officer. "Listen, you goddamned son of a bitch," Lieutenant Murray Glusman lashed back. "We won the war. And if you don't treat us with the respect that is our due as officers of the United States Navy, I'll see to it that your ass is strung up from the highest lamp post in Tokyo!"

Back in the states, Americans could now celebrate wholeheartedly because this time was different. This time it was not just the end of the war in one theater. It was the end of the war for everyone. So, *Life* magazine reported in its August 27 issue, the home front erupted "as if joy had been rationed and saved up for the

Above: The war's end came just in time for some men. These two GIs of the 86th Infantry "Blackhawk" Division are in New York City on June 19, 1945, at the start of a 30-day furlough. They've seen battle—both wear the Combat Infantryman Badge—but the 86th didn't fight in Europe until March 1945, so they're bound for the Pacific. Fortunately, the war will end before they ship out. They'll head to the Philippines, but not to fight. Opposite: America's returning warriors looked forward to possibilities and freedoms far removed from military strictures.

Freedom! Finally! by Eric Ethier

three years, eight months, and seven days since Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941." In skyscraping metropolises and dusty towns with double-digit populations, parties erupted across the states. Truman's announcement sent two million jubilant New Yorkers charging into Times Square to exalt, drink, and dance. In Washington, DC, Truman was obliged to appear outside the White House to greet some 10,000 ecstatic city residents.

THE PARTYING CONTINUED on August 15. No city went quite as mad as San Francisco. "People were throwing full bottles of water out of fifth- and sixth floor hotel windows, down on the street, regardless of how many people were there," recalled US Navy Ensign Richard Rowe, then a 26 year-old Leyte Gulf veteran in town to meet his wife. "I was in more danger there than in the war." Corporal Frank Hall had hitchhiked to the city with a few friends while awaiting his discharge. The 22 year-old had been through three campaigns with the 21st Marine Regiment, but he was no less shocked by the bedlam. "Market Street was jammed with Swabbies doing all kinds of ridiculous things as well as some real bad ones," he recalled. "They were shouting, breaking storefront plate glass windows, knocking people down, grabbing, groping, and kissing women, disrupting traffic, and making general nuisances of themselves. We were horrified and grabbed one guy and said what happened. He screamed, 'The war is over. The war is over!' We headed back to the base and were immediately told to line up with some other guys. They issued us rifles and took us back to San Francisco to guard the streets. So, after three years of all that war, I celebrated its end by guarding the streets of San Francisco from boot sailors [sailors released from boot camp for the day]."

Within a few days, simple gratitude overtook national euphoria, and the raucous celebrations died down. Beginning with President Franklin Roosevelt's death in April, the war had spawned four months of exhausting, emotion-tugging events, one after another. "It may well be that people long to pick up a paper in which nothing more cosmic is reported than the city's reception of a visiting channel-swimmer and nothing more violent than a tie-up on the Magnolia Avenue trolley line," a *Yank* correspondent speculated.

As all this transpired, GIs were asking one question: "When do I go home?" Some still faced the task of going into Japan as part of the American occupation force. Fortunately, that operation, which began in earnest on August 30, went off without major incident. The balance of men in uniform would have to be patient. Japan's capitulation had caught the US military amid extraordinary logistical exertions, shifting hundreds of thousands of men and their accompanying equipment and supplies from Europe to a far-off corner of the globe. Now, American planners had to pivot to demobilize some seven million men over the next year.

Antsy servicemen checked and double-checked their adjusted service ratings. It was this score—initially based on points earned for each month of service, overseas duty, combat awards, and a soldier's number of dependents—that determined who went home first. Terms of the point system were soon tweaked to speed up a process that had been much criticized by servicemen, their families, and politicians. GIs who were in "for the duration plus six months" soon learned that "the duration" was subject to War Department interpretation. Some less-than-pleased Americans would remain in uniform well into 1946.

What else was on the minds of fighting men as the war ended? One General Motors advertisement suggested it was little more than "an open road, a glorious day—and a bright and lively Buick." Shameless exploitation aside, these veterans of the military life, with its stifling rules and bureaucracy, were certainly attracted to peacetime freedom and simplicity. Youths who had never seen an ocean or even left their small towns had now witnessed the ugliest the world could offer. Thoughts of home came with happier images of family, friends, girlfriends, and children. Tasteless K rations, sweat-crusted fatigues, muddy foxholes, and stumbling around darkened ships at night would soon be mere memories. Most GIs relished the end of strict regimentation—and beginning each day without Japanese weapons pointed their way. They thought about feeling "normal" again.

Naturally, they had questions: Why did I make it when my buddies didn't? What will I do with my life? Men whose ambition and education had been interrupted by war contemplated where they would work as the country transitioned back to a peacetime economy. Their uncertainty was shared by anxious civilians who would soon face unemployment as companies closed or downsized with the loss of government contracts. The *Duluth News-Tribune*, for example, reported that Minnesota would lose 48,000 jobs in the two months after V J Day. Fortunately, ramped-up postwar conversion would soon quash fears of wide-scale unemployment. For hundreds of thousands of veterans, the GI Bill, with

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Freedom! Finally! by Eric Ethier

its government funded ticket to college, provided answers.

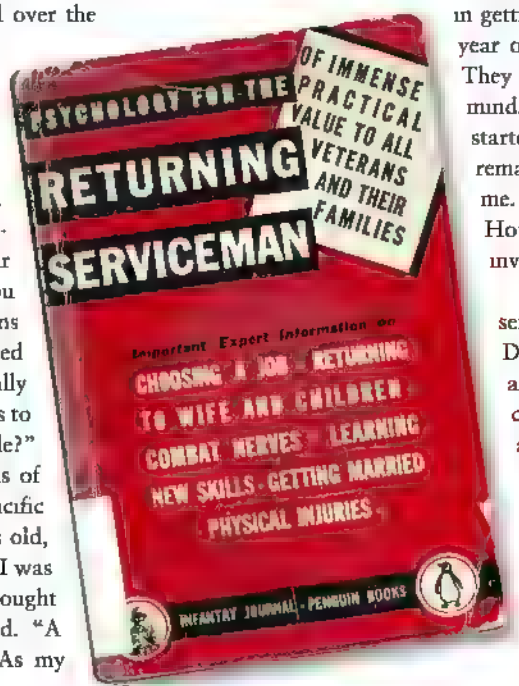
During the war's final week, the *New York Times* ran an article by the managing editor of *Yank*, Master Sergeant Joe McCarthy. Based on soldiers' letters to the editor, it revealed some of what GIs were thinking. "They expect no special privileges except the right to travel no farther from their front porch than the distance to the mail box at the end of the road," McCarthy wrote. "To paraphrase the popular song of the other war, how are you gonna keep them away from the farm after they've seen thirty-six months in the Pacific. It is a fact, incidentally, that Government agencies have received thousands of requests for information about farming from GIs who never milked a cow or plowed a furrow."

Soldiers' thoughts hardly ended there. Youths who had been lumped into units with strangers from all over the country had developed strong opinions about the America to which they were returning. Their concerns extended to racial and religious discrimination, regional disparities in standards of living, and the quality of the education system. "How can you have ideas about internationalism and how can you expect a fair and lasting peace when the only reading you have done is Superman and the captions under the pictures of movie queens?" asked one infantryman. "If our people were really educated, would we have allowed ourselves to be so unprepared for war of this magnitude?"

Still, even if they were resilient veterans of months or years of overseas duty, many Pacific theater veterans were only about 20 years old, and still growing up. "I had no idea what I was going to do with my life and never thought much about it," Frank Hall remembered. "A friend actually pushed me into college. As my friends got home, they all had plans, mostly about college, but in general, we were most interested in socializing, getting togeth er.... It took two or three years for most of us to get serious about marriage and fami lies. I doubt if we ever talked politics."

Hall's homecoming was quiet. "My friends were not home yet," he remembered. "Curiously, I had no deep feeling for seeing my mother, or father, or brother, or anyone else. Yet a little later, I was strongly opposed to going to any college away from home, or to even consider moving to another part of the country, and feel that way even today." Indeed, Hall stayed close to home, going on to serve as the mayor of Teaneck, New Jersey

Robert Barto felt similarly. A radioman in the 5th Joint Assault Signal Company who had served alongside the 26th Marine Regiment, 5th Marine Division, on Iwo Jima, Barto was one of those GIs whose homecoming was delayed by occupation duty in Japan. "I was still a kid," he remembered. "The first year I was out, we didn't do anything but drink and carouse and enjoy the weather at the beaches on the Jersey shore, and I had enough of that. That's why I went back into the service—because I could see that was leading nowhere, and I did enjoy the military life." He eventually joined the air force, qualified as a pilot, and went on to serve in Korea and Vietnam.


PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE
RETURNING
SERVICEMAN
OF IMMENSE PRACTICAL VALUE TO ALL VETERANS AND THEIR FAMILIES
Important Expert Information on
CHOOSING A JOB · RETURNING
TO WIFE AND CHILDREN
COMBAT NERVES · LEARNING
NEW SKILLS · GETTING MARRIED
PHYSICAL INJURIES
INFANTRY JOURNAL · PENGUIN BOOKS

Opposite: At California's Camp Beale in September 1945, luggage litters the ground at a separation center for returning enlisted men. This soldier will walk in as a technical sergeant and walk out as a civilian. Above: Despite eagerness for civilian life, most GIs needed time to adjust. For some, it was an outright crisis. Self-help books like this one suddenly appeared in American bookstores.

LEAVING THE BLACK MEMORY of war behind was another matter for America's veterans. "I spent so much time dispelling it," recalled Jerome Mandel, who was fighting with the 503rd Parachute Infantry Regiment in the Philippines when the bombs fell. "When I got home, the only way I could get rid of it was to go back to school and immerse myself in getting a degree. So I went back for the final year of engineering school and got my degree. They said keep going, continue to occupy your mind, so I went to law school. Gradually I started to get it behind me. If I would have remained idle, this thing would have destroyed me. The death and destruction, it was awful. How do you cure yourself from being involved in such a chaotic mess?"

Georgia native Alton Cadenhead, who served with the 9th Marines, 3rd Marine Division, on Guam and Iwo Jima, offered another perspective. "It wasn't easy to come home," he said later. "I didn't have any money. My education had been put on the shelf. I was way behind everybody else. And so, I was hard to live with, okay? I don't know how my wife put up with it, but it got to the point where I just had to get in a hurry to get things done to get caught up with my life.... But she labored with me and got me involved in the church, and the church got me involved in the community, and I found that I was no worse off than others." He went on to a long career as a structural and mechanical engineer.

In August and September 1945, soldiers' thoughts about the world, a changed America, and their places in both were as individual as those of any other young American. Almost to a man, their greatest yearning was to get on with their lives as they chose to live them—to make decisions for themselves again. With wide-open futures that, until now, had looked cloudy at best, they had a lot to ponder. At least now they had the free time to do it. ☆

ERIC ETHIER *is the assistant editor of* America in WWII. *He wrote the article "No More Death and Dirt and Noise," about the GIs' experience of the end of the war in Europe, for the magazine's June issue.*

OPPOSITE & RIGHT NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Prime Minister, come out with your hands up!

Someone had to hang for the horrors in the Pacific, maybe the man ultimately responsible: Hideki Tojo.

First, the Americans had to take him alive.

by Drew Ames

As Japan's war minister, Lieutenant General Hideki Tojo was an apostle of deeper expansion into China, Indochina, and beyond—and of an alliance with fascist Germany and Italy. In October 1941, he became Japan's 40th prime minister. The next month, when this photo was taken, he was at work planning war with the United States.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Prime Minister, come out with your hands up! by Drew Ames

A CROWD GATHERED OUTSIDE HIDEKI TOJO'S HOUSE in a Tokyo suburb on September 11, 1945. Although Tojo had been forced out of office as prime minister in mid-1944, the American public still viewed him as Japan's Adolf Hitler or Benito Mussolini. The crowd outside his house was mostly a team of American intelligence officers sent to arrest him for war crimes. There was also a large number of reporters hoping to witness some action.

The onlookers got more than they expected. When summoned through an interpreter, Tojo initially refused to open his door. Eventually he stuck his head out a window to see the Americans for himself. When a flash bulb went off, he ducked back in. He soon returned, asked to examine the officers' credentials, and disappeared again. Then came a gunshot...

HIDEKI TOJO HAD RISEN to political prominence during the late 1930s, his rise and fall from power intimately tied to Japan's. He pushed to expand Japan's war in China and was deeply involved in militarizing his nation and moving it toward fascism. In July 1940 he was appointed minister of war in then–Prime Minister Fumimaro Konoe's cabinet. During this time, he strongly supported the Tripartite Pact that aligned Japan militarily with Germany and Italy. When Konoe resigned in October of that year, due in part to disagreements with Tojo, Emperor Hirohito named Tojo as his successor. In the new post, Tojo retained his former positions as army minister and minister of war and also became the minister of commerce and industry. In short, he now held two of six positions in Japan's "inner cabinet" (prime minister and minister of war), which worked directly with the emperor, and two regular cabinet positions. By late 1941, he was the most powerful man in Japan, and he used his power aggressively, starting with the attack on Pearl Harbor.

As history would prove, Tojo's full speed approach to gaining dominance in the Pacific was initially a huge success. In December 1941 Japan launched the devastating attack on Pearl Harbor, took Wake Island, captured Hong Kong, and landed in Thailand, Malaya, and the Philippines. Early 1942 brought success in Burma and Singapore. Then Japan captured the Philippines.

Tojo was incredibly popular, but his initial successes were unsustainable. Although few understood the significance of the Battle of Midway when it happened in June 1942, it was the turning point for the Allies and Japanese. After that, a series of hard-fought and costly Allied victories and an increasingly effective submarine blockade reversed Japan's gains and threatened her home islands. These setbacks damaged Tojo's reputation. Two and a half years after Pearl Harbor, Tojo was forced to resign following the July 1944 fall of Saipan.

As Tojo retired from public life, the war went on. By mid 1945, imports to Japan had almost completely disappeared. Japan had been beaten back to its home waters, and with the surrender of Germany in May, Japan's allies were out of the war. Yet Japan stubbornly continued to fight.

From July 17 to August 2, the heads of state of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain met in Potsdam, outside Berlin in occupied Germany, to determine how to punish Germany, establish postwar order, and counter the effects of the war. The conference ended with a written agreement that laid out the terms for Japan's surrender. Known as the Potsdam Declaration, the document would serve as the foundation for Japan's occupation and the authority for the arrest and capture of war criminals following Japan's formal surrender on September 2.

A little more than a week after that surrender, on September 11, General Douglas MacArthur, in his capacity as supreme commander for the Allied powers and leader of occupied Japan, ordered the arrests of 39 men, mainly Tojo and his staff. The best account of the events of that day comes from *New York Times* correspondent George E. Jones, who was something of a participant. "Within a few minutes after General MacArthur had announced orders to take Tojo into custody, the writer raced to Tojo's residence, about eight miles from the center of Tokyo," Jones reported. "I arrived almost two hours before the arrest squad and began my vigil."

ALL PHOTOS THIS STORY NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: Decked with medals, Tojo walks in Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto's June 1943 funeral procession. Yamamoto, head of Japan's navy, was killed when US forces shot down his plane in April. He had opposed war with America, but raided Pearl Harbor once the decision was made. Opposite: Tojo's war fever proved ruinous in the end. On September 11, 1945, when US troops reached his home near Tokyo, the ex–prime minister shot himself. But US Army doctor Captain James Johnson (right) saved him for a war crimes trial.

Tojo remained hidden in his house, and four Japanese policemen assigned to guard his residence "professed to know nothing of his whereabouts," according to Jones. Later that afternoon, the American counterintelligence officers arrived to arrest Tojo. They were led by Major Paul Kraus. The other officers were Lieutenant George Guyse, Lieutenant Jack Wilpers, Captain William T. Hiraoka (a Nisei, or American son of Japanese immigrants), and special agent James Ward.

The Americans moved to the grounds adjoining the house and spoke through an interpreter to a servant, asking him to bring Tojo outside. The servant spoke to somebody inside and returned, asking what the fuss was about and questioning Kraus's authority. According to Jones, this happened at 4:10 P.M. Over the next few minutes, Tojo and Kraus verbally sparred through an interpreter, with Tojo popping his head out his study window at least twice. Jones overheard one of the newspaper men say, "This is beginning to look like a Romeo and Juliet balcony scene." Kraus, meanwhile, grew angry, at one point referring to Tojo, in the vernacular of the day, as a "yellow bastard."

Following Tojo's second retreat into his study, the American officers and newsmen moved toward the front door. That's when they heard the shot, at 4:18 P.M. Jones wrote,

We lept to the front door and Major Kraus called in, "Open this door!" No one answered and another officer joined us. Powerful kicks from the GI boots hammered at the door; it flew open and entered a dimly lighted corridor. To our left was the room the shot had come from. More kicks and a stained plywood panel in the door flew out. The three of us stood there and stared Tojo was still standing there with his smoking pistol.... [Once in the room] Major Kraus sized up the situation and felt for heartbeats, other officers quickly and expertly surveyed the room.

WILPERS WAS THE OTHER OFFICER who kicked in the door. Here's a retelling of events by Sergeant George Burns, a reporter for the US Army weekly *Yank*:

Finally Wilpers stepped back and kicked his big GI shoes through the door panel. I was directly behind him, and as the door panel fell away we saw Tojo slumped in a chair with a smoking pistol grasped in his hand and blood gushing from a small wound in the left side of his chest. A small divan had been placed

THE POTSDAM ARREST WARRANT

Flush with victory over Germany, the Allied leaders and their staffs open the Potsdam Conference near Berlin on July 17, 1945. Central topics will include the fate of a still-belligerent Japan and militarists like Tojo.

Once Germany surrendered in May 1945, Japan stood as the sole obstacle to peace. The Allies had already agreed to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, laying out the terms in detail in writing.

The document known as the Potsdam Declaration was prepared as a numbered list of 13 points. The first two made clear that the armed forces of all the world's major powers (excluding the Soviet Union, which had not declared war on Japan) were poised to strike Japan. The third stated explicitly what would happen if Japan did not surrender: "The result of the futile and senseless German resistance to the might of the aroused free peoples of the world stands forth in awful clarity as an example to the people of Japan.... The full application of our military power, backed by our resolve, will mean the inevitable and complete destruction of the Japanese armed forces and just as inevitably the utter devastation of the Japanese homeland."

The declaration then called for Japan to "decide whether she will continue to be controlled by those self-willed militaristic advisers whose unintelligent calculations have brought the Empire of Japan to the threshold of annihilation, or whether she will follow the path of reason."

Next came the terms of surrender. Crucially, the first and fifth surrender terms (statements 6 and 10) gave General Douglas MacArthur, postwar occupation commander, the authority to arrest and try the Japanese high command. The first was, "There must be eliminated for all time the authority and influence of those who have deceived and misled the people of Japan into embarking on world conquest, for we insist that a new order of peace, security and justice will be impossible until irresponsible militarism is driven from the world." The fifth was, "We do not intend that the Japanese shall be enslaved as a race or destroyed as a nation, but stern justice shall be meted out to all war criminals, including those who have visited cruelties upon our prisoners."

The full text of the Potsdam Declaration is available from Japan's National Diet Library at www.ndl.go jp/constitution/e/etc/c06.html. It's a masterful mix of sincere threat and generous vision for the future.

Drew Ames

against the door, and Lt. Wilpers pushed it aside and jumped into the room with pistol in hand. Major Kruse [Kraus] shouted to Tojo, "Don't shoot!" Wilpers had his gun trained on Tojo's head and was motioning to him to drop the pistol. The general's eyes were already shut. His head fell over on his shoulder and the gun dropped from his hand.

Other reporters—including Cornelius Ryan, who would later write the novels *The Longest Day* and *A Bridge Too Far*—and photographers were quick to enter the room, leading to a famous photo showing Wilpers pointing his revolver at Tojo while picking up Tojo's pistol with his other hand. Tojo was still alive, though in great pain.

Tojo's pistol, an American Colt Model 1903 .32-caliber, was not very powerful, but could be deadly at close range. Tojo missed in his attempt to destroy his heart, nicking it instead, and puncturing a lung as the bullet traveled through his body, exiting below his left shoulder blade. The race was on to save his life. "We managed, at gunpoint practically, to get a next door neighbor to get a doctor, and he was forced to come down and treat him," Wilpers told the Associated Press. Kraus also sent for a doctor from the US Army's 1st Cavalry Division in Tokyo.

During the wait for the doctor, Tojo's energy ebbed and flowed. Sometimes he seemed very close to death, but then he would rally.

Prime Minister, come out with your hands up! by Drew Ames

According to Jones, at 4:29, Tojo started dictating to two Japanese interpreters. The record of what he said differs depending on the source. Burns reported that what Tojo was saying did not seem to make much sense. *Life* magazine, however, reported in its September 24, 1945, edition that Tojo said, "The Greater East Asia war was a justified and righteous war.... I wait for the righteous judgement of history." The *New York Times* quoted a much longer speech via the official news agency of Japan:

I am sorry for the peoples of Greater East Asia. I will shoulder the whole responsibility. I hope they will not go amiss in dealing with the situation. I did not want to stand before the victor to be tried as the vanquished. This is my own case. I wanted to kill myself at one stroke. I first thought of using my sword to kill myself, but instead I used the revolver [sic] for fear I might fail and survive.

In January 1948, Tojo takes the stand before the International Military Tribunal for the Far East, in the former Japanese Imperial Army headquarters. Tojo took full responsibility for Japan's actions in the war. Found guilty, he was hanged on December 23.

ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER TOJO'S SUICIDE ATTEMPT, the Japanese doctor finally arrived. Tojo indicated to the man that he did not want medical attention, but Wilpers insisted. The doctor did an examination and sent for his nurse, who arrived nearly an hour later with medical supplies. With Wilpers intervening again, the doctor bandaged the entry and exit wounds and, according to Burns, "retired to the hallway and sat there smoking a cigarette."

The doctor's reluctant attention was enough to keep Tojo going until the 1st Cavalry Division doctor, Captain James Johnson, and his staff arrived at 6:30. Johnson removed the bandages, administered morphine, sutured the bullet holes, and started an IV with plasma. By 7:00, he'd determined that Tojo had a good chance of surviving. He was right. Tojo went into emergency surgery at a US Army hospital and, after recovery, was moved to Sugamo Prison to await trail.

On January 19, 1946, MacArthur established the International Military Tribunal for the Far East (often called "the Tokyo trials"), which was modeled on the Nuremberg trials in Germany. He appointed 12 judges, and the court convened on April 29, 1946. Twenty eight defendants, including Tojo, were charged. The court narrowed its focus to three questions: Was Japan guilty of waging aggressive war in violation of international treaties? Were the defendants responsible for making those policies? And were the defendants responsible for crimes against humanity and violations of the laws of war?

AFTER TWO AND A HALF YEARS, the final verdicts were not unanimous. While the defendants were found guilty, three judges dissented, and two of them, from France and Australia, issued separate opinions. During the trial, Tojo had taken full responsibility for the war and actively worked to shield Hirohito from having to acknowledge any role or responsibility for the war. Tojo was sentenced to death on November 12, 1948, and was hanged on December 23, 1948.

Recent histories of this period make persuasive arguments that MacArthur's staff colluded with Tojo's defense team to ensure that Hirohito be found blameless, even as many in the international community believed he should be held ultimately accountable for Japan's actions. The justices from France and Austria dissented from the final judgment in Tokyo because they objected to Hirohito escaping trial. American policy under the Truman administration, however, was focused on building Japan up to be a strong ally against the Soviet Union in the new Cold War.

Whether or not Japan could have been rebuilt and turned into a stalwart ally had Hirohito been tried for war crimes and the Japanese monarchy disbanded is a point debated to this day. But Tojo was for a time the virtual military dictator of Japan and was, in fact, largely responsible for how Japan waged war. It is ironic that his guilt was used to shield Hirohito's part in the war. What might have happened if Tojo's suicide attempt had succeeded? ★

DREW AMES *of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, writes regularly for* America in WWII. *He's currently researching an article on the American pilots who battled the enemy in nighttime skies.*

the great silent

America promised to bring her war dead home. That was before she realized hundreds of thousands of GIs would get killed all over the globe.

by William F. Hanna

Watched over by a mixed honor guard, the caskets of six fallen US servicemen lie in state in San Francisco City Hall on October 10, 1947. Sent ashore from the *Honda Knot*, just in from Honolulu, these six represent 3,027 Pacific dead brought home in that US Army transport's hold—America's first WWII dead to return from overseas.

PHOTO BY T/4 J.S. KENIECZNY, NATIONAL ARCHIVES

homecoming

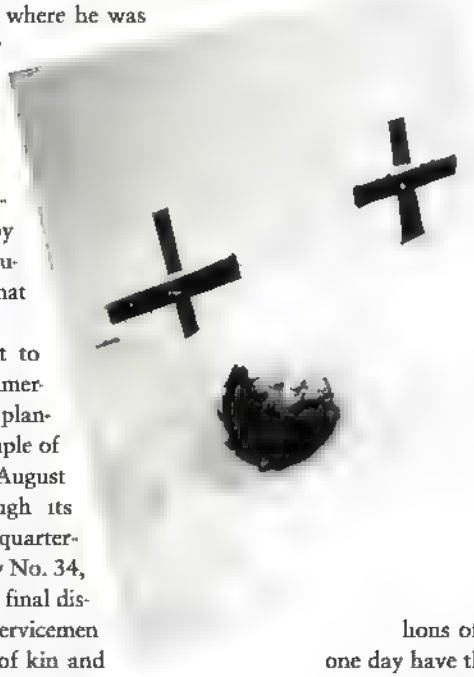
the great silent homecoming

by William F. Hanna

MARGARET KUDZIA'S WORST NIGHTMARE came true on March 23, 1945. That day, a US War Department telegram arrived at her home in Taunton, Massachusetts, informing the unmarried Polish immigrant that her only child had been killed in action three weeks earlier.

Private First Class Walter Kudzia had enlisted in the army in July 1943, a month out of high school. Trained as a rifleman, he went overseas with the 99th Infantry "Checkerboard" Division and fought through the roughest days of the Ardennes Campaign (better known as the Battle of the Bulge). The Checkerboard men pursued the retreating enemy across the German border and all the way to the Rhine River. There, on March 6, 1945, just weeks before the war would end in Europe, the 20-year old Kudzia was killed.

After the initial shock subsided, Kudzia's grieving mother faced two immediate challenges. The first was to learn as much as possible about how her son had died and where he was buried. The second was to make clear to the War Department that she wanted his body returned home as soon as possible. The goal of bringing back a fallen loved one for burial at home was shared by thousands of families whose lives had been shattered by the war, but it took years and a monumental government effort to make that goal a reality.



It would have been small comfort to Margaret Kudzia and other grieving Americans, but the US military had begun planning the return of its WWII dead a couple of years before the war's end. Back in August 1943, the War Department, through its Quartermaster Corps's office of the quartermaster general, had issued Policy Study No. 34, which framed the discussion about the final disposition of the remains of American servicemen who died overseas. After that, next of kin and their representatives in Congress kept up intense pressure on the military to make a practical plan to bring home the dead promptly.

For the army, the return of the dead was an extraordinary logistical challenge, though the Quartermaster Corps did have some experience through its Graves Registration Service to draw on. The first large-scale repatriation of American bodies happened in the three years following the 1898 Spanish-American War. By 1902, the Graves Registration Service had returned most bodies to the States, first from Cuba and Puerto Rico and later from the Philippines.

World War I presented a more complex problem, and the way the War Department handled it offered a useful if incomplete model for action a quarter of a century later. In 1919, the department polled the next of kin of Americans who had perished on the Great War's European battlefields, asking their preferences for disposition of their loved ones' remains. Approximately 60 percent wanted their sons brought home (47,000 were successfully repatriated). Other families felt differently. When Theodore Roosevelt's youngest son, Quentin, was killed in aerial combat over France in 1918, for instance, the former president said that no higher honor could be given his son than to rest near where he had fallen. Thousands of American families shared his view, and when the polling ended, about 40 percent elected to have their loved ones interred in one of eight permanent American military cemeteries in Europe, near the battlefields where they had died (30,000 were buried there).

Twenty years later, in the 1940s, US forces were fighting a far deadlier world war spanning vast distances. Although the Quartermaster Corps had past experience on its side, it faced three large-scale challenges. First, there had to be a repatriation plan that respected the wishes of the next of kin. Second, permanent military cemeteries needed to be established around the world to receive the bodies of those who would not be repatriated. Finally, the system of national cemeteries had to grow to make room not only for repatriated war dead, but also for the millions of surviving veterans and their spouses who would one day have the right to be buried there.

What no one could foresee in the months after the release of Policy Study No. 34 was just how appallingly many Americans would lose their lives by the war's end. As grueling as the contest had been in the months leading up to 1943, almost two years of bloodletting lay ahead. Only at the end of the fighting did the magnitude of the carnage become apparent.

LEFT & OPPOSITE: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above: Crosses and a helmet mark snowy graves of GIs killed during the Battle of the Bulge in the 90th Infantry Division sector near Bavigne, Luxembourg. Once the war ended, the army's Graves Registration Service searched for every US battlefield grave in North Africa and Europe and across the Pacific. Opposite: The next step was to gather the dead into central cemeteries, pending permanent burial or return to the States. In September 1947, these workers at Belgium's Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery exhume a fallen GI for shipment home.

In June 1945, after months of study, the quartermaster general submitted a long-delayed final plan for the overseas dead. The War Department approved it with modifications on September 8. Immediately, two elements of the plan proved unpopular: repatriation wouldn't begin until six months after the cessation of hostilities, and the most optimistic estimate for completing the process was two years.

AS SOON AS THE FIGHTING ENDED, graves registration personnel began the grim, daunting process of exhuming tens of thousands of dead from isolated battlefield graves around the globe and transporting them to larger temporary cemeteries in centralized locations. It was then that the full extent of the challenge became clear. Of the 15 million Americans who served in uniform, approximately 359,000 had perished. The bodies of 281,000 of those were recovered.

Underscoring the unprecedented task that the Graves Registration Service faced, Pulitzer Prize–winning author Rick Atkinson notes that by the war's end, fallen Americans were buried in 454 cemeteries in 86 nations on six continents and on countless islands throughout the world's oceans. Exhumation and identity confirmation took place worldwide in all theaters of war at the same time. Across the world in every former combat theater, farmyards and beaches and small communal cemeteries yielded tens of thousands of dead. To this day, the old battlefields occasionally give up the remains of one of the approximately 78,000 missing.

The historic Quartermaster Corps's plan adopted in September 1945 required the military to comply with "all feasible wishes" of the next of kin regarding final disposition of the dead. As after World War I, the War Department polled families for their preferences. But this time, the polling process proceeded cemetery by cemetery. When a large temporary cemetery overseas was ready

to be emptied, the families involved received their questionnaires. To avoid long delays between polling and the shipment of remains—and the public backlash that would inevitably result—as soon as the questionnaires mailed, the military placed the bodies from that cemetery in caskets and moved them to storage facilities close to embarkation ports. From there, some would be shipped home while others would await reburial in permanent cemeteries overseas.

ONE PROBLEM AFTER ANOTHER forced the War Department to adjust its polling timetable. Waiting for legislation to pass to authorize and fund the program, and wading through the cost and legal issues of securing land for permanent military cemeteries overseas, caused months of delay. Difficulties with record keeping and a shortage of trained embalmers overseas caused more frustration. So did a steel industry strike that slowed the supply of metal caskets needed for final interment. The initial target date for starting repatriation, June 1, 1946, was postponed twice before being extended into 1947. Only then did the polling questionnaire, Quartermaster General Form 345, start going out to next of kin, one cemetery at a time.

Many in the Quartermaster Corps believed a much higher percentage of families would opt for repatriation than had after World War I. Indeed, letters that grieving relatives sent to the War Department leaned heavily in that direction, with one source stating in August 1944 that only 4 or 5 out of some 20,000 letters received expressed a preference for overseas burial. There were at least two reasons to believe more American families would favor repatriation this time. First was distance. American dead overseas after the First World War were concentrated in cemeteries in England, France, and Belgium. It seemed feasible that family members might one day be able to visit those places. World War II, however, was a truly global conflict, with American dead scattered over distant parts of the Pacific, Africa, Asia, and Australia. Visiting such far-flung places would be impossible for most Americans. Second, many of the permanent military cemeteries dedicated after World War I had fallen into enemy hands during World War II. Some planners believed the uncertain future of post-WWII politics would dissuade bereaved families from burying their dead in foreign lands

Ultimately, polling results were similar to those after World War I. At the request of families, 171,000 fallen GIs, approximately 60 percent of the identifiable American dead buried overseas, were to come home. Graves Registration Service teams

A FUNERAL SHIP'S BURIAL AT SEA

In contrast to the immense reception that greeted the *Joseph V. Connolly* when she arrived in New York Harbor on October 26, 1947, carrying 6,200 filled caskets, hardly anyone noticed when she slipped away 10 weeks later on January 8, 1948. The 400-foot vessel, a former Liberty ship converted to a military funeral transport, was headed back to Antwerp, Belgium.

In addition to 98 tons of freight, the *Connolly* carried some 6,500 empty metal caskets that were to be filled in Belgium during the weeks leading up to a return voyage to New York. Also on board were her skipper, Captain Ben A. Bostelman, an old salt and veteran of two world wars; 44 crewmen; and Charles H. Collins, a US Army captain who was to serve as transport commander for the trip home.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

SS *Joseph V. Connolly* slides down the ways at J.A. Jones Construction Company's Wainwright Yard in Panama City, Florida, on July 9, 1945. She would carry US war dead home.

In the predawn hours of the fourth day at sea, *Connolly* was steaming into the teeth of gale-force winds. A ruptured oil line in her engine room started spewing fire and filling her interior with heavy black smoke. The flames spread quickly, and Bostelman immediately realized the *Connolly* was doomed. After sending a frantic SOS, he gave the order to abandon ship. All hands, including three who had been injured, boarded four of the lifeboats.

The SOS gave the *Connolly*'s position as 890 nautical miles east of New York. Immediately, six ships in the vicinity began a search for survivors. Bad weather and poor visibility hampered the rescue effort, and there was no sign of the *Connolly* or her lifeboats. Finally, more than seven hours after the first distress call, one of three army planes that had been dispatched from Bermuda sighted the burning ship and two of the lifeboats and radioed the position to the rescue ships. Several hours later, as darkness fell, word went out that all 46 men were safe. It had been a harrowing 13-hour ordeal for them.

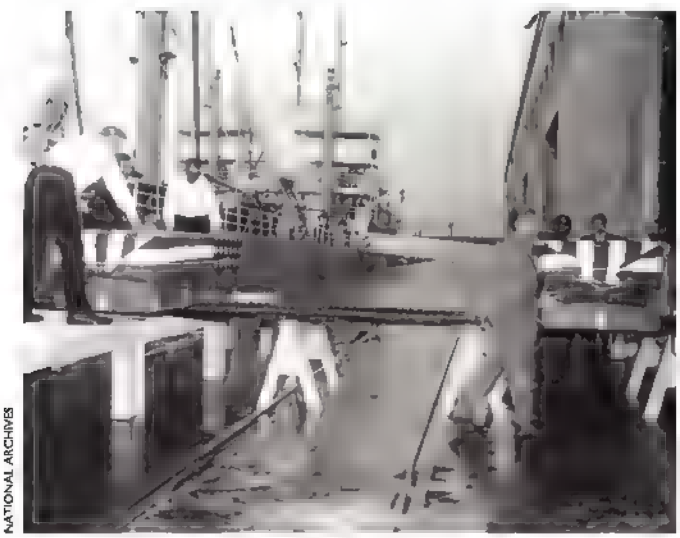
Much to the surprise of mariners watching the ship, the *Connolly* did not sink. Instead, under the watchful eye of the US Coast Guard, she drifted slowly northward, looking, in the words of a newspaperman on the scene, like a "rusty, smoke-smudged derelict." A team of coastguardsmen who boarded her managed to salvage $23,000 from her safe but were unable to recover much else. A look inside her cargo hold revealed that many of the 6,500 empty metal caskets had been welded together by the fire's intense heat.

The end came for the *Connolly* on January 29, 1948, as she was being towed back to New York by a commercial tugboat. Tossed by mountainous seas in a violent snow squall 800 miles east of Boston, she strained at her tow line. Suddenly, the line gave way and the *Connolly*, already listing badly to port, rolled over and disappeared beneath the waves.

William F. Hanna

began exhuming bodies in the summer of 1947 for repatriation or permanent reburial and continued that task through December 1951. The almost 87,000 dead whose remains were repatriated from Europe represented slightly more than half of all those recovered in that theater. Meanwhile, 86,000 of those who had fallen in the war against Japan were recovered, and almost 55,000 of them, or two thirds, were returned to the States. Each repatriation cost the US government an average of $564.50.

The more than 90,000 men and women whose bodies were *not* repatriated were buried in 14 permanent military cemeteries established around the world between 1949 and 1951. Early in the planning process, the military had decided to repatriate the remains of every unidentified American, but later legislation reversed that, and all unknowns were buried overseas. Additionally, for reasons of both sentiment and aesthetics, the military ordered that none of the 10 sites in Europe should encroach upon the cemeteries holding American dead from World War I. As the WWII cemeteries were completed, they came under the control of the American Battle Monuments Commission, an agency created in 1923 to administer the cemeteries of the First World War.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

PHOTO BY LIEUTENANT D.L. WEICH, NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Above, left: One flag-draped casket after another emerges from the *Honda Knot* as she unloads the first repatriated American war dead on a San Francisco dock. It is October 10, 1947, more than two years after the end of World War II. Above, right: That same day, a solemn crowd attends a welcome-home ceremony for the war dead on San Francisco's Marina Green. The *Honda Knot* lies at anchor in the background.

No GI was to be permanently interred in German soil, so the bodies of Americans buried in 12 cemeteries in the former Third Reich were moved. One of those was Private First Class Kudzia, whose body was temporarily reinterred in the Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery and Memorial near Liège, Belgium.

The first of America's repatriated dead of World War II arrived home on a rainy autumn day in 1947. It was October 10 when the army transport SS *Honda Knot* passed under the Golden Gate Bridge and into San Francisco Bay, 10 days after leaving Honolulu and 2 years after V J Day. Aboard were the bodies of 3,027 servicemen who had been killed in the Pacific. Because the first American blood of the war had been shed in the Pacific, the military had decided that the first shipment back to the United States should originate there, and victims of the Pearl Harbor attack had received precedence aboard the *Honda Knot*.

On October 4, 1947, while the *Honda Knot* was still making her way across the Pacific, another solemn scene was unfolding in Antwerp, Belgium. There, a converted Liberty ship, the SS *Joseph V. Connolly*, prepared to repatriate the first of the European dead. In her hold were the casketed remains of 5,600 Americans. Thousands of Belgians stood, some crying, as Antwerp's church bells tolled in somber tribute. After crossing the Atlantic, the ship stopped briefly in Newfoundland, where another 600 bodies were taken aboard, and then it was on to New York City.

On October 26, when the *Connolly* arrived in the world's busiest harbor, all activity was respectfully subdued. Speeches and melancholy music followed naval gun salutes. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the *Connolly* made her way to the Brooklyn Army Base to unload her precious cargo. Inside one of the 6,200 metal caskets, wrapped in an army blanket, were the remains of Walter Kudzia, who was laid to rest in his hometown a few days later.

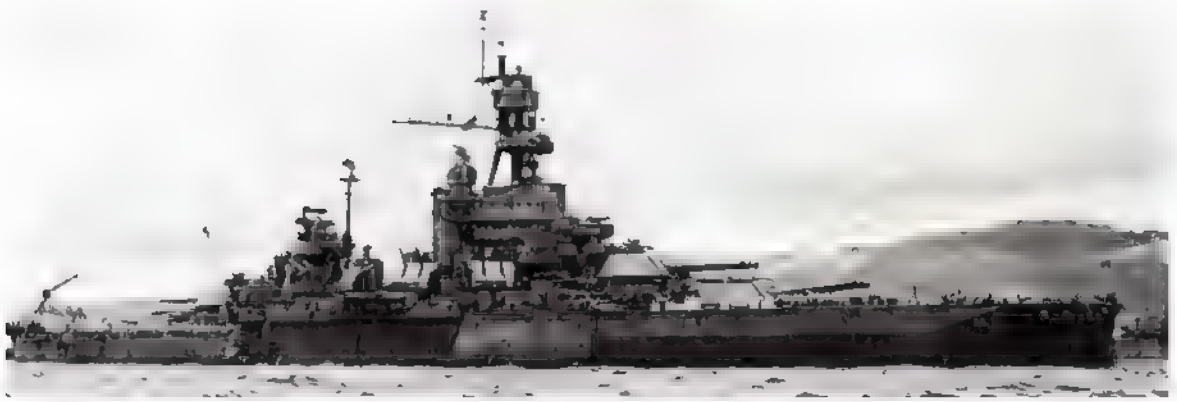
These first scenes of repatriation in San Francisco and New York would be repeated many times in the months ahead. And a thankful nation's commitment to its war dead was never more apparent than in the repatriation program's cost. By December 31, 1951, when the program was suspended, it had cost taxpayers more than $200 million.

The American people had kept a solemn promise to the families of the young men and women who had lost their lives fighting the war. At home in the States or in American military cemeteries overseas, fallen GIs got the proper burials they deserved. ☆

WILLIAM F. HANNA *writes from Massachusetts, where he is a visiting lecturer in history at Bridgewater State University and president of the Old Colony History Museum in Taunton. His interest in World War II began with the discovery of his father's service as a medic in France, Belgium, and Germany and his uncle's service as a pharmacist's mate in the US Navy.*

WAR STORIES

A WWII Scrapbook



US NAVY

The USS *Pennsylvania* offered few comforts, but it did sway to a big band beat at times, thanks to Ralph W. Jones.

LIFE CRAMMED ONTO A WARSHIP

I WORKED ON the USS *Pennsylvania (BB-38)* as a radioman from 1942 to 1945. Fifty-five men shared a hot, stuffy compartment roughly 540 square feet; one or two 6 inch pipes brought air from the topside deck. We had one overhead light. The walls, deck, and ceiling were thick steel. To prevent burning in the case of a fire, the flooring on the deck had been removed early in the war, as had the wall paint.

Bunks were piled one atop the other, four or five high. When a sailor turned in his sleep, his shoulders bumped the bottom of the bunk above. Those bunks beat dirt trenches, though.

The toilets were some distance away on the deck above. There were no tables or chairs to read or play cards, since wooden furniture would have been a fire hazard (no room for it, anyway). When the ship went to a US Navy yard early in the war to have new guns and radio equipment installed, they made no effort to improve crew comforts.

It is difficult after all these years to recall the kind of food we ate. Lots of Spam, cooked and uncooked. We were at sea so much it was impossible to get to an island where a provision ship could dock. No fresh meat, no fresh vegetables. The navy replenished our fuel while we were underway at sea, sending a tanker to sail along next to us and pass over fuel hoses, but I don't recall them passing over food.

The Pacific Ocean was usually calm and placid. In our huge ship there was lots of room on the bow where off-duty sailors could sit on links of the anchor chain or stand about smoking and conversing.

The ship had an internal public address system for making announcements. During the war, my wife, Margaret, sent me some big band records. They took three months to reach me because we moved from one Japanese-occupied island to the next. I convinced the brass to allow us to play the records over the PA system when we were not in action.

RALPH W. JONES
wartime radioman first class
Burlington, North Carolina

SCENES OF BOMBED-OUT JAPAN

THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT is from a letter that my father-in-law sent to his wife, son, and brother during his occupation duty in Japan after the surrender:

Astugi, Japan, is forty miles of the most barren country you have ever seen. People, yes, but no houses at all. The drive from Astugi airport to Tokyo was really amazing in that there wasn't a building standing all the way. Once in a while there would be a few chimneys and metal safes that had escaped fire bombs, but they were few and far between.

There was no heat in the hotel [in Tokyo] at all, and the Army very thoughtfully provided two blankets and in the morning gave us a good warm breakfast and sent us on our way. The trip across Japan was not on the route originally planned and proved to be very interesting. The whole island of Japan is in ruins, believe me. We flew over Hiroshima and Nagazaka [Nagasaki], where the atomic bombs were dropped, and with the K-20 aerial camera I almost mapped the place with so many pictures. We flew right alongside the big mountain there on the island.

The next stop was Okinawa, where we accomplished nothing in the way of sightseeing, as there is nothing to see. We did fly around the island in the morning just to see where all the supplies were and where the Japs had sunk our ships. After circling the island, we headed in the general direction of Shanghai, where we spent two delightful days as guests of the Army China-Burma-India command. They assigned a special lieutenant to us, and he took us around the town and showed us all the places to go and arranged transportation for us and saw that everything went along smoothly.

We had a wonderful time in the rickshaws, riding along the streets and looking at the shops there. There is nothing you can't get for a price there, even a 1946 Ford, brand new and shiny, also electric refrigerators, heaters, toasters. Everything that has been on the priority list for the last four years, they have it, and plenty of it.

The American dollar can do wonders as far as making money. Everyone likes to have them and will pay as much as twice the current rate of exchange for them. While there we bought most of our items at the Army P-I, which is a building that has been put up by the Army and private shop owners [are] encouraged to bring their wares into the place and sell at low prices. Wonderful silk by the yard, real Chinese silk for 1.49 per. I bought five yards of the most beautiful white silk that you have ever seen, along with some cigarette cases and little change purses.

The usual run of kimonos filled the shops and were very pretty. However the most amazing thing about the whole town is the Yangtze River. It is just like a story book, dead people floating down the river, boats of every size and shape pouring up and down the crowded river. The rickshaw drivers are the ones who really catch it. They run all day and get a very small wage, and when they get tired or have run their length of time, they just pull over to the side of the road and die. It is really something that you should see to believe.

WARREN GALLENBECK
wartime US Army, submitted by daughter-in-law CLAUDENE GALLENBECK
Cartersville, Georgia

A GAUNTLET OF FRIENDLY FLAK

SERGEANT JOHN HOYE, a rare enlisted-man pilot, was at the controls of his C-47 Skytrain My Little Ass, *of the 316th Troop Carrier Group, when it had a close call during the July 1943 invasion of Sicily. On the night of July 11, American ships mistakenly opened fire on transport planes full of US paratroopers and gliders full of infantrymen. Hoye, whose plane was hauling paratroopers, describes running the gauntlet of friendly anti-aircraft fire.*

We kept our altitude below 500 feet so the enemy wouldn't know we were coming. We learned later that as we were approaching the invasion fleet, a number of German planes had just bombed the ships from a higher altitude. Despite all the prior arrangements and coordination, we were suddenly caught in a terrifically heavy barrage of anti aircraft fire from the ships as we flew over them. We came under fire and began searching for every flair [flare] we had on board. The flair we used that night was a red-red, so the Navy must've thought we were firing back at them.

The sound of falling shrapnel glancing off our plane was like hail on a tin roof, and we must have taken hits as we approached shore. I was too busy to notice, trying to maintain formation among the burning and falling airplanes around us. Some of the crippled planes came under fire after they were clearly finished, and some crews were shot at as they left their planes, having crashed in the water between ships. Many horror stories about that!

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN HOYE
US Army, retired
Lewiston, Idaho
Submitted by PATRICIA OVERMAN *of the National WWII Glider Pilots Association*

1940s GI and civilian patter

latrine lawyer: a know-it-all soldier who would lecture to anyone, especially to a captive audience

library: the place where soldiers did much of their reading—the latrine. Also called the "other office" or the "reading room"

cat hole: GIs used their paws to dig these small, one-time-use latrines

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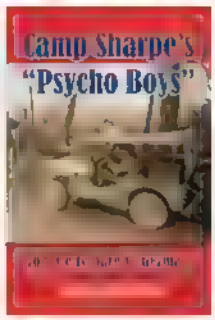

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Beverley Driver Eddy is professor emerita of German at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

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I WAS THERE

Qualified to Fly, But...

Charles McMullen • interviewed by Terry W. Burger

COURTESY OF CHARLES W. McMULLEN

COURTESY OF CHARLES W. McMULLEN PHOTOGRAPHED BY TERRY W. BURGER

CHARLES "CHARLIE MAC" MCMULLEN was having what he calls "a hell of a time," in the good sense of the words. Born on August 19, 1923, near Columbus in Georgia's Muscogee County, he was a high-school senior in 1941, and everything was going great. He had already landed a football scholarship with the University of Georgia, up in the hill country in Athens. His post–high school life was falling neatly into order. He was aware of the war in Europe, of course. But it didn't seem to involve the United States—at least not yet.

Then came Pearl Harbor. In a single day, everything changed. The arrival of war took McMullen not to football training camp, but to boot camp, and then on to a long course of bomber pilot training (despite a secret that could have disqualified him). McMullen learned to fly B-25 Mitchells, B-17 Flying Fortresses, even massive B-29 Superfortresses. The question was, would he ever get to fly one in combat?

What made you decide it was time to sign up for military service?

We were in school. It was the summer of '42. The war had been on [in the Pacific] for six months, and the country had started drafting the year before [actually, the draft had begun in October 1940, the first peacetime draft in US history]. My high school

Above, left: Lieutenant bars on his shoulders and pilot's wings on his chest show that air cadet Charles W. "Charlie Mac" McMullen has made the cut: he has become a pilot in the US Army Air Forces. What remained to be seen was just how he would put those wings to use in World War II, as he qualified to fly one bomber type after another. Above, right: McMullen grins from an ID photo on his name tag.

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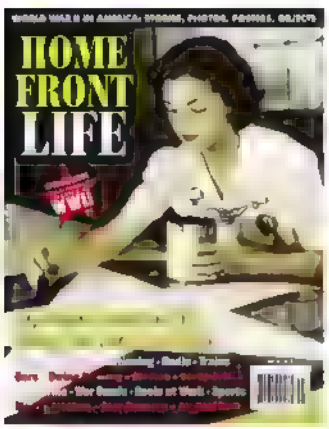

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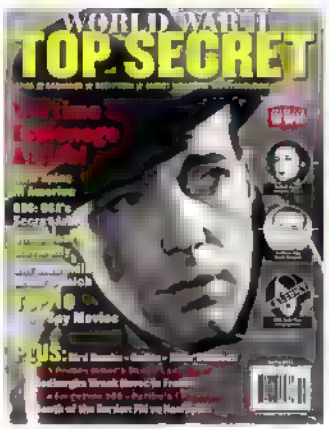

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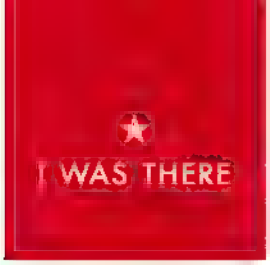

friends said they were going downtown to take the cadet exam. I asked them what that was, and they said, "So we can fly." I liked the idea of flying better than infantry, so I went with the guys and took the test.

How did you do?

They didn't tell you anything except whether you passed or not, and I passed. At that point they were fighting hard to get the military together. They knew they needed an air force, because they didn't have one.... In fact, at first, the military was training and didn't even have guns for the trainees, just pieces of wood.

Do you think the lack of proper equipment had bad consequences for those troops?

Well, those early guys caught a lot of flack in Africa, if I remember correctly. There were a lot of hard times early in the war.

Did you go into the service right away?

I was still in high school. I didn't want to give up football. During the test period they told me to finish high school, so that's what I did. Then, in June of 1943, I took the same route as thousands and thousands of other guys—I signed up for the US Army Air Corps

Did you go in as officers?

No, we joined as privates. We got the same basic training as everybody else, though our uniforms were slightly different.

Were air cadets different in other ways?

We were in a cadet program, rated above a private, and [they] paid us another $25 a month.

Where did you do your basic training?

They shipped us off to Keesler Field in Mississippi.

Keesler Army Airfield, near Biloxi on Mississippi's Gulf Coast, was activated in June 1941, six months before the United States entered the growing global war. The first recruits arrived that August. Keesler

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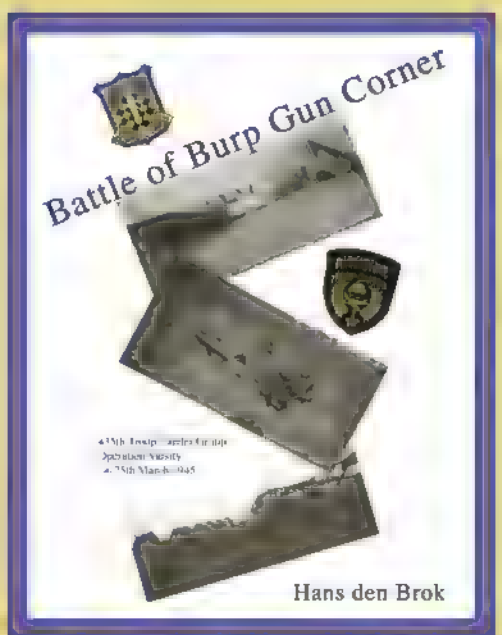

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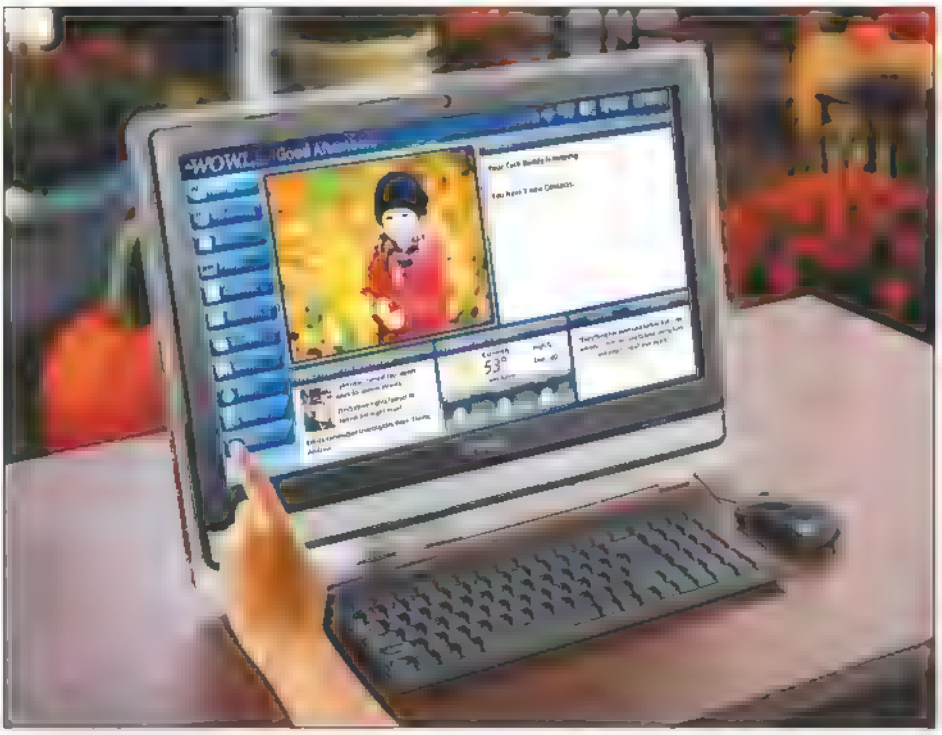

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was not only a basic training center, but a springboard for recruits going into airplane and engine mechanics, aerial gunnery, or aviation.

So you were in one of the earlier classes at Keesler. Is that correct?

Yes, I was pretty sure that if I washed out of the early training, there they were going to make me a gunner.

What was it like down there in southern Mississippi?

It was July and August, and it was unbearably hot. We had PT [physical training] at 11:30 in the morning. They always made us take our shirts off to do the PT, and we'd be rolling around in the sand and get it all over us. And then they made us put our shirts, with all that sand, on us. They did anything they could think of to make us unhappy. We would come in after working out in that heat and change our shirts to go to the mess hall. The shirts would be soaked. When we came back later and the shirts had dried out, they would be so stiff from all the salt in them that you could lean them against the wall and they would stand there, stiff as a board.

Was basic training difficult?

I had taken ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Corps] for two years in high school, so I had a little of the training already. Still, I wasn't that gung ho.

So, after Keesler, did you start flying?

No, they sent us to college. It was Presbyterian College in South Carolina [in the town of Clinton]. We called ourselves the Rebel Doodle Dandies, because all of us were Southern except for two Yankees. Those two were always getting into fistfights.

The two Yankees? They were getting into fights because they were Yankees?

One of them was Italian. The other guy was from the New York area. They were always getting into fights with each other. I don't know why. They were big guys and they just kept getting on each other's nerves or something. The rest of us got along great.

OK, so they apparently lumped you all together because almost all of you were from Dixie?

I think so. We called ourselves the Rebel Squadron in basic training. Oh, and we changed all the words to the songs we marched to, like "Yankee Doodle Dandy," which became "Rebel Doodle Dandy."

How long were you at the college?

Just for one quarter, August through December. It's where we practiced West Point stuff like eating a square meal and learning to be an officer. They would try to wash you out with the hard training. Do you know what a "square meal" means?

An exaggerated method of eating at attention, mostly designed to humiliate and annoy recruits?

That's it.

What kind of courses did you have to take while at the college?

Basic college courses: English, history, math. Basic freshman stuff.

So, after your time at college, did they start training you to fly?

No, not yet. Around Christmastime of

COURTESY OF CHARLES W. McMULLEN

McMullen sits at the controls of a Cessna UC-78 Bobcat, a twin-engine light transport plane and trainer, at Meadows Army Airfield in Bakersfield, California. Already a pilot, he learned to fly bombers during his time at Meadows, starting his training in a UC-78.

1943, we reported to classification school in Nashville, Tennessee.

What happened there?

We took a lot of tests. I'm pretty good at taking tests. They were designed to determine if we qualified to be pilots, co-pilots, navigators, or bombardiers. I qualified to be a pilot and a bombardier. I didn't make navigator. I guess I was too stupid.

So, finally, you were officially designated by the US government as qualified to become a pilot. It was off to flying school after that?

Nope. We were sent to basic flight school in Courtland, Alabama.

Courtland Army Airfield existed for only a couple of years toward the end of the war. It is now the Courtland Airport.

Is that where they finally taught you how to fly an airplane?

No. They called it basic flight school, but what we did was check all the airplanes, fill them with gas, that sort of thing. We never got off the ground. In fact, we didn't do a damned thing for four months. It was in Courtland that my time as a cadet pilot almost came to a halt.

Why? What happened?

We got a letter from the government that said we were no longer needed, that we were to be mustered out of the cadets As you can imagine, there were a lot of really down guys that day.

But you all got reprieves?

One of our members' daddy was a congressman. He told the military that they couldn't just wash us out like that, because we were all volunteers and deserved better, and so on. Well, it worked. We were all reinstated

Having dodged that bullet, where were you off to next?

So they shipped a whole trainload of us out West to Santa Ana, California, for our second round of classifications. A lot of us got washed out then. They washed one guy out for biting his fingernails, if you can imagine.

How was the trip out there?

It was a three-day train trip full of cadets. We slept sitting up. There was lots of stopping and starting on the train trips I took, of which there were many. Trains were busy during that time, moving men and materiel all over the country.

You said you could easily have been washed out, but you were not because they never asked you the right question.

Right. I have no sense of smell. I don't know why or how it happened. It really affects how things taste. When you eat a steak, most of the flavor that comes to you is really based on odor. I don't get that. Anyway, they used to kid me all the time in the dining hall, getting me to eat things and asking me what it tasted like. I'd tell them

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and they would just crack up. One day they asked me what ice cream tasted like. I tasted some and said, "I don't know..., kind of sweet and cold." They laughed and thought that was the funniest thing. I asked them, "All right, what does it taste like to *you*?" One of them tried it and thought a little and said, "You know, you're right. It tastes sweet and cold!"

But not having a sense of smell probably would have gotten me tossed out, because it could be dangerous in some ways. They tested us for our ability to smell certain gases. I guessed my way through that, mostly, but I passed. Like I said, they never asked me that question.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

A B-17 Flying Fortress, one of America's heavy bombers, flies over England in 1944, painted by the shadow of another B-17 flying close by. McMullen flew B-17s, but only stateside.

Did your inability to smell ever become an issue?

No. But it's funny, one time [later] while I was flying a B-17, I told the crew that something was burning. It turned out that the electrical system had burned up somehow, and the plane was running on its batteries. That meant that when the batteries went down, the engines would stop running. Well, I got us turned around, and we had to put the landing gear down manually, but I got us down OK.

Did you actually smell the smoke?

I don't know. I must have in some way. The only thing I can think of was that I was never a smoker and everybody else on the crew was. I think the burning irritated me, and my crew didn't react to it because they were smokers. That's the only thing I can think of.

So, back to your flight training. Where did you finally start flying planes?

Douglas [Army] Air Field. Douglas was a new training base in Arizona, right on the Mexican border, and it was mostly there to train bomber pilots. There were a

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number of kinds of aircraft assigned there.

How did you do there?

On my first flight [in a Stearman biplane trainer] I was nervous, because I didn't want to fail. I was more worried about failing than I was about getting killed! I'm a competitor. I don't like to fail.

After your training in the Stearmans, where did you go?

They sent me to Bakersfield [California, to Meadows Army Airfield] and started training us on the UC-78 [the Cessna Bobcat], a twin-engine civilian plane they used to train us for flying bombers.

Going to multiple-engine aircraft was your idea?

I'd say that 9 out of 10 of the cadets were trying to become fighter pilots. But I figured my best chance of getting through this thing was in piloting twin-engine aircraft. So they sent me to Bakersfield.

What sort of plane was the UC-78?

We called it the Bamboo Bomber, among other things. Part of the training in that plane was learning to fly by instruments. That was tough in that plane. They called it the Bamboo Bomber because it was so light. It was susceptible to the least little change in air currents, and that made it really tough to fly by instrument, because the range of error they allowed us was so small. If you came in 20 feet wide of the "beam" [a low frequency radio signal emitted from an airfield to guide approaching and departing planes], they'd wash you out.

You went from the Bamboo Bomber to the B-25?

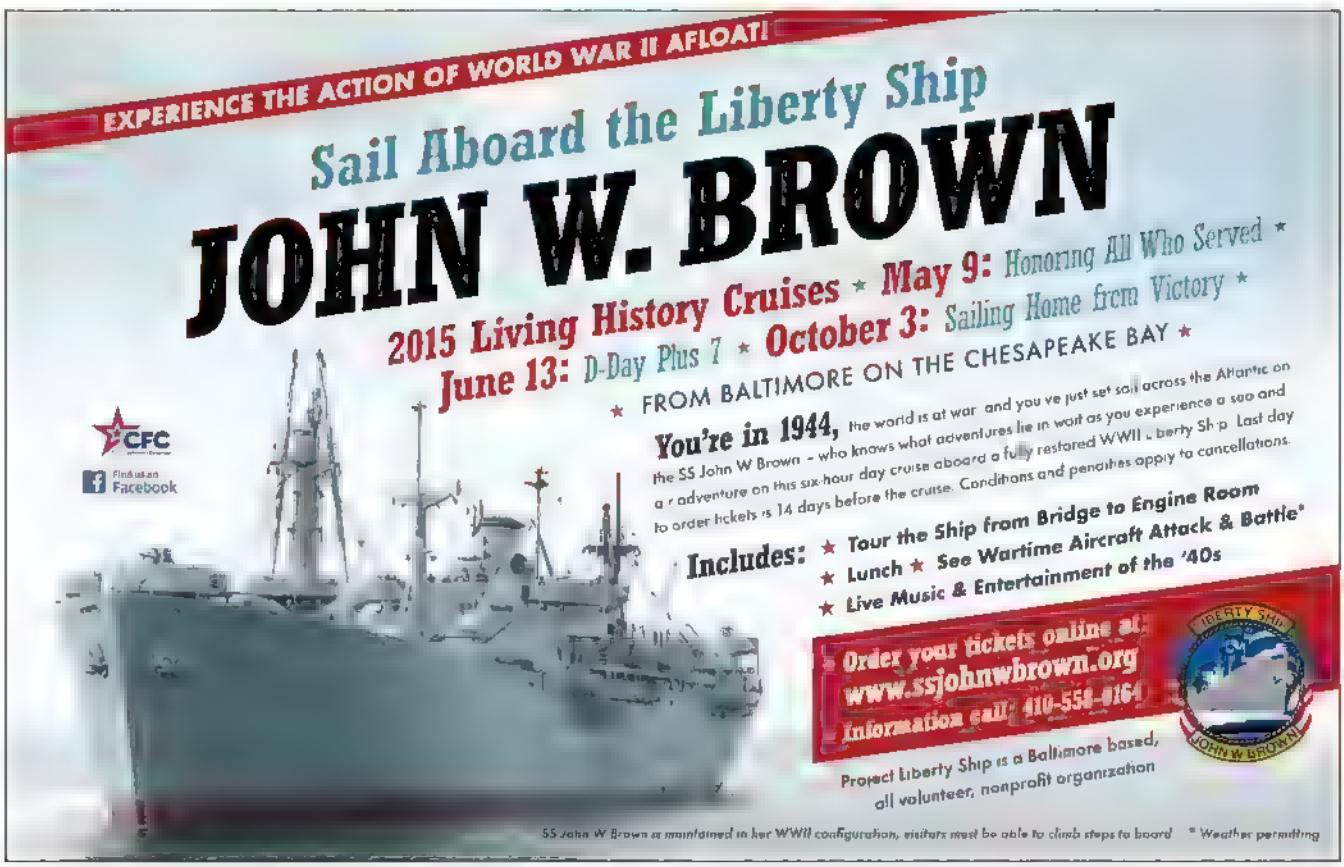
Yes. The B-25 [North American's Mitchell medium bomber] was a big deal for me. It was the first twin-engine aircraft, as far as I know, to take off [from] a ship, though it was a very heavy aircraft. I never got to do that. [Sixteen B-25Bs took off from the carrier USS *Hornet (CV-8)* on April 18, 1942, to bomb Japan in Lieutenant Colonel James Doolittle's Tokyo Raid.]

How was the B-25, in your experience?

It was a big jump for us, because that was actually designed to be a warplane. I didn't have any trouble with it. It was a beautiful airplane to fly. It was noisy, though. When you were flying it, the port engine was right next to you. Some say that a lot of the guys who flew the 25 ended up having problems with their hearing. I have some trouble with that, but I believe I came by it naturally. It runs in my family.

Tell us something about the way they tested you.

Well, we were blindfolded and told to fly in on the beam, on a broadcast signal. You wore a headset and you basically flew on the [radio] sounds you were hearing. If you heard a "dah dit" [dash-dot, N in Morse code], you were too far to one side. If you heard a "dit-dah" [dot-dash, A in Morse code] you were too far to the other side. If you heard a steady hum, you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were on the right heading.

Was the flight training extensive?

It took about nine months to be a pilot. But then I went to schools to learn different airplanes. One would prepare you for the next. It was all about the numbers of men in the pipeline. It could be too many or too little. It was all about keeping that pipeline full as needed, depending on what was needed by the war effort.

Did you have any close calls?

Everybody had close calls. I remember one time I was coming in for a landing in a B-25. They have locking throttles because the plane has so much vibration. You have to lock the throttles so the vibration doesn't change the setting in mid flight. Well, you were supposed to come over the landing strip and chop the power so the plane would settle onto the landing strip..., only it wouldn't come. It had been tightened too tight. I looked down, and I shouldn't have. I heard the co-pilot yelling, "Pull up! Pull up!" I did, just in time.

McMullen learned to fly a larger bomber, the four-engine Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bomber, at Thunderbird Field No. 1, near Glendale, Arizona. Thunderbird Field No. 1 had been a private flying school for the wealthy before it was taken over by the military. One of the field's founders was actor and, later, WWII bomber pilot Jimmy Stewart. Training there had been provided by Southwest Airways.

Was Thunderbird No. 1 different from most military fields?

It had a pool, a really nice one. The base was unusually nice, because it was essentially built for rich people, who like to be comfortable.

Was it exciting flying those big bombers?

Well, to be truthful, once I got into four engines, flying was dull.

You didn't like the planes?

I didn't say that. The B-17 was a wonderful airplane. The instructor told us that you can dive down, do anything you want in the 17. You just have to handle it right. (Once, after the war, I was driving out in

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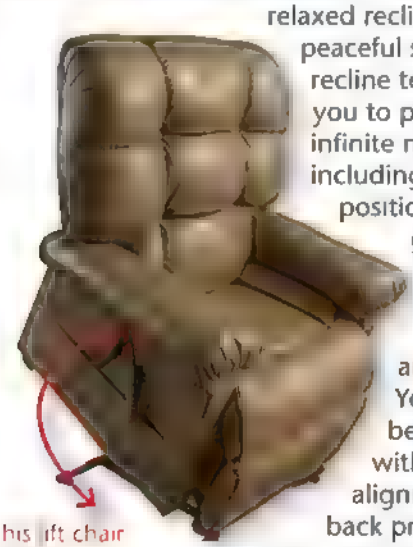

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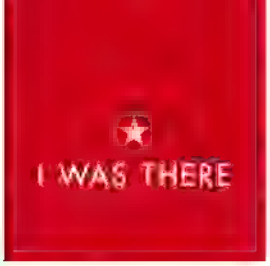


rural Alabama and had to pull over and watch—somebody was using a B-17 as a crop duster. That was something to see.)

The B-17 was not the last bomber on which you trained, was it?

No. We were transferred to Bakersfield for several weeks, then to B-29 school.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

B-29 Superfortresses, the heaviest US bombers, pass Mount Fuji en route to bomb Tokyo. McMullen flew B-29s, but never in combat.

Now, *that's* a really big airplane [the Boeing B-29 Superfortress was a long-range strategic bomber]. Then we were at Roswell [Roswell Army Airfield in New Mexico, then home of the Roswell Army Flying School].... We really didn't do anything, just a few practice runs

You had finished training, then. You were ready to go into action in the Pacific theater?

We had finished training. We had just crewed up and were ready to head over there. But one day we were up on another practice flight when the control tower called on the radio and told us to tune in to the civilian radio station. We did and the news was saying that the military had dropped a bomb on some city in Japan and totally destroyed it. I heard one of the crew say, "Shit, there ain't no bomb that big." But I knew it was all over. Japan was finished.

McMullen never did get to fly combat missions in World War II, though he would serve in the US Air Force Reserve for two decades.

I never had any regrets. I wanted to come back to school, and I was just dumb enough to think I could come back to the University of Georgia and play football, at 165 pounds. I scrimmaged some, and did fine for the first three weeks, and then everybody and his brother came back from the war, and suddenly there were lots of people out there. There was six weeks of them getting rid of people. If they wanted you out, they'd have a safety get you in the knee and you had to quit. They never did put me in.

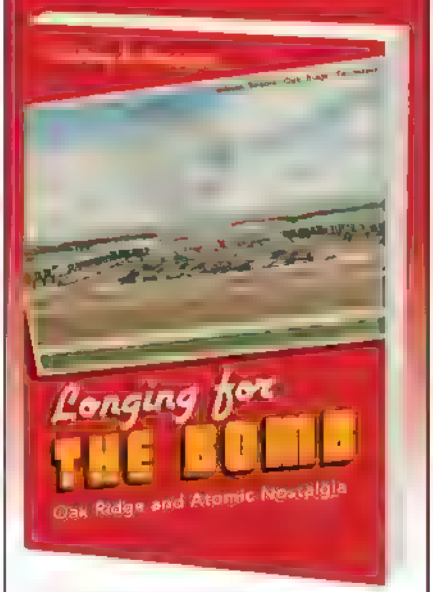
By the time the Korean War began, McMullen had three children to raise. The air force had indicated it was going to need people with his kind of training and experience. He kept checking his mailbox, figuring he'd be called up for active service any day, but the letter never came. "By the time Vietnam rolled around," he says, "I was just too danged old."

McMullen returned to flying for only one stretch of time, 25 years after the war, when he and three partners bought shares in a Cessna 310. "One died, one quit, and it just got too expensive," he said. He considered becoming an airline pilot, but that was before aviation travel really took off, and the chances of landing a job were discouraging.

McMullen wound up going to night school in Atlanta to get a degree in education. The pay was not great, however, so he took a job with GMAC (General Motors Acceptance Corporation) instead and retired as a sales representative. He and his wife, Jane, still live in Athens, where they spend time with their three children and a number of grandchildren. ★

TERRY W. BURGER *of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, is a longtime newspaper reporter and former assistant editor of* America in WWII.

The rise of atomic tourism



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I can wait

He's gone, and I can't go with him.

I guess he knows I'd give every bone I've got buried in the garden to be with him now, but he told me to stay here and I'll stay.

It's hunting time. The frosty mornings of fall have come, with the leaves turning along the roadside, and the sharp delight of quail scent drifting in from the fields. I get to trembling all over with eagerness when my nose drinks in those autumn smells.

He knew it was hunting time, too. Yesterday he took down the old shotgun and oiled it, and sighted along the barrel and polished the stock. I was happy then. I thought we were going right out. But he put the gun back. He stood there a minute looking at me and then he stroked my head.

"Sure," he said. "I know how you feel, old-timer. Me, too. But this year it's a different kind of hunting season — the biggest one there ever was, I guess. And if you knew the kind of game I'm going after, you wouldn't ask me to stay home.

"You see," he said, "there's a reason why I've got to go. It's to help keep this a world that follows like me and dogs like you can live in—a world where truth and decency and loyalty will mean something. And after it's over — boy, we're going to hunt till your old tongue hangs out'"

Well, that's the way he wants it, and whatever he wants is right. It seems there's no place for a dog where he's going. But here at home I've got a job to do. I can take care of the house and the folks, and I can help cheer them up if they get lonesome or blue. And I can wait—no matter how long it takes—till he comes home!

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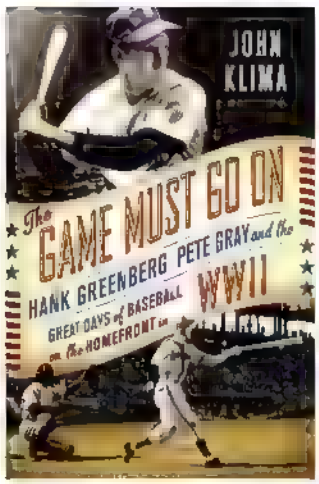
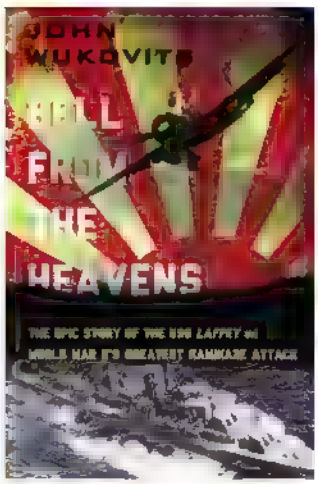
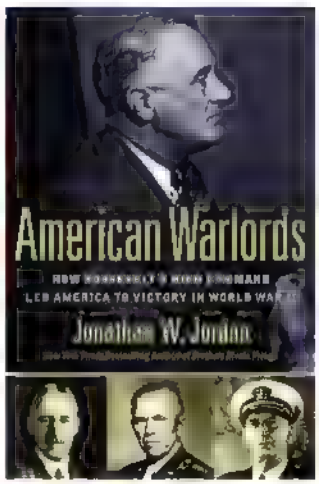






World War II in Secret: The Hidden Conflict—1939 to 1945
by Gavin Mortimer, Zenith, 208 pages, $30

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE has been an aspect of warfare for thousands of years. In the introduction to *World War II in Secret: The Hidden Conflict—1939 to 1945*, author Gavin Mortimer uses the tale of the Trojan horse as an early example of a secret weapon that had a profound effect on the outcome of a war. World War II was fought by millions of sailors, soldiers, and airmen and supported by vast industries and supply chains, yet the war would have progressed very differently if the Allies hadn't won the secret war waged far from the battlefields. Mortimer describes 31 remarkable examples of intelligence, counterintelligence, military deceptions, and secret weapons that were used during the war, and in many cases they changed its course.

Mortimer opens his book with a very nice, six page timeline of the war, starting in July 1939 and ending in December 1945. This visual presentation of major events provides context for the examples of military intelligence that fill the remainder of the book, which is broken down into four sections: "The Axis Attacks," "Fighting Back," "Turning the Tide," and "The Coming of the End." As one might expect, first is the story of Germany's secret negotiations with the Soviet Union, and last is the use of atomic bombs in Japan. Each of the 31 chapters takes up four to five pages. That's enough to provide a very good overview, some interesting details, and several excellent photos and maps.

Each chapter is self-contained, relying on the timeline at the beginning to tie the whole together into a loose narrative. Chapters cover both Axis and Allied successes. There are all sorts of intelligence efforts focusing on different aspects of the war in all theaters. The sheer variety of efforts covered in each chapter makes the book an entertaining read.

The intelligence contributions to major engagements such the June 1942 Battle of Midway are generally well known. This book goes beyond rehashing the oft publicized events to offer a broad range of less-known, disparate accounts and highlight the overlaps among them. For example, in an early chapter, Mortimer says that by the end of 1940, Britain was well ahead of Germany in the spying game. The British had exceptional success identifying and converting German agents to their own use. Then, in a later chapter, he describes how the Allies used those double agents to feed false data to the Germans about the Ghost Army, and how its men used props and sound effects to fool the Germans into expecting the Allied invasion of Europe to come at Calais, France, a few weeks after it actually would happen at Normandy in June 1944.

Not all the stories are so closely connected, but common themes, such as deception of the enemy, run throughout. The British in North Africa tricked German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel into thinking they had 50,000 more troops available than they really did. Rommel used many of the same tactics to give a false impression of his army's size.

Mortimer details Allied code-breaking

in two separate chapters that cover the German Enigma codes (Ultra intercepts) and the Japanese "purple" code (Magic intercepts). The Allied ability to decipher Ultra and Magic intercepts were two of the most closely guarded secrets of the war, and the advantages that came from this intelligence affected nearly every major action that followed.

Similarly, Mortimer covers significant secret weapons. Some, such as asdic sonar and "hedgehog" depth charges, were very successful, while others, such as the Italian "human torpedo" (a two-man craft that ferried two torpedoes to a target, then withdrew before the charges detonated), had initial success before fading quickly from use.

Every chapter is well written and informative with a lot of detail packed into just a few pages. The page layout is generally very nice, with good use made of photos related to the text—and the photos are a highlight throughout. The book's strength is its wide variety of secret military operations that cover the whole war from the level of strategic planning down to the operations level. Lifelong students of WWII history and newcomers to the subject alike could learn a lot from *World War II in Secret*

DREW AMES
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

The Game Must Go On: Hank Greenberg, Pete Gray, and the Great Days of Baseball on the Home Front in WWII
by John Klima, Thomas Dunne, 432 pages, $27.99

IN THE AFTERMATH OF Japan's December 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, the future of professional baseball was in limbo. The argument against continuing the game

says Kajima, who insists that Fellers leave the country—and Aya—before he becomes the target of growing hostility toward Americans

The film weaves this made-up story around Fellers's investigation into Hirohito's role in the war, a much more interesting subject. Aided by Takahashi (Masayoshi Haneda), Fellers attempts to find high ranking Japanese who can cast light on that role. It's a frustrating task. As Prince Konoe (Masatoshi Nakamura), the prime minister before the war, tells Fellers, "It's not a black-and white issue, general." Koichi Kido (Masato Ibu), Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal of Japan, tells Fellers how Hirohito broke precedent and asserted his authority to recommend pursuing the Allied peace proposals.

★ THEATER OF WAR

Emperor
Directed by Peter Webber, written by Vera Blasi and David Klass, from the book His Majesty's Salvation *by Shiro Okamoto, starring Matthew Fox, Tommy Lee Jones, Eriko Hatsune, Toshiyuki Nishida, Masayoshi Haneda, Colin Moy, Masatoshi Makamura, Takataro Kataoka, Masato Ibu, and Isao Natsuyagi, 2012, 105 minutes, color, rated PG-13.*

WHAT DO YOU DO with a problem like Hirohito? That's the question posed at the start of *Emperor*, a film about the end of World War II in Japan. In August 1945, General Douglas MacArthur (Tommy Lee Jones), the new supreme commander of Japan, is en route to take on his new task of completely rebuilding the defeated nation. Among his entourage is General Bonner Fellers (Matthew Fox), whose prewar experiences have made him knowledgeable about Japanese culture.

As soon as his plane lands, MacArthur reveals the approach he plans to take. He tells his officers they are not to carry weapons as they drive into the flattened remains of Tokyo. "Nothing will impress them more than a show of absolute fearlessness," he says. "If they don't know they're licked by now, they will get the picture today. Now let's show them some good old fashioned American swagger."

Once settled in the city, MacArthur gives Fellers 10 days to conduct an investigation to determine whether Emperor Hirohito (Takataro Kataoka) should be prosecuted for war crimes. It's a tricky situation. For the Japanese people, the emperor remains a divine entity, a god on earth. Putting him on trial could lead to violent resistance against the American occupation. On the other hand, MacArthur feels pressure from Washington to appease a desire for punishment.

In a completely fictionalized subplot, Fellers also deals with some personal business. Before the war, he had been involved with Japanese exchange student Aya Shimada (Eriko Hatsune). Now he is determined to learn whether Aya survived the war. As he searches for her, the film flashes back to chart their relationship, from meeting at college in 1932 to Fellers's visit to the increasingly xenophobic Japan in 1940. Aya helps Fellers write a paper on the psychology of the Japanese and even introduces him to her uncle, General Kajima (Toshiyuki Nishida). "Japan runs on the ancient warrior code of loyalty and obedience,"

was that the resources necessary to support the season could be better used in the war effort. But after many discussions and much thought, President Franklin Roosevelt penned what became known as the Green Light Letter, in which he wrote, "I honestly feel that it would be best for the country to keep baseball going." With this show of support from the commander in chief, it was decided that although concessions would be made with materials, supplies, and players, the cost of sacrificing America's national pastime altogether was simply too high. With *The Game Must Go On: Hank Greenberg, Pete Gray, and the Great Days of Baseball on the Home Front in WWII*, John Klima explores baseball during World War II, the lives of the men who lived it, and the effect the war would have on shaping the game's future.

There's no doubt Klima is passionate about his subject matter. When describing a player at bat, for instance, he puts the reader at home plate, staring down the pitcher and praying for a ball that can be knocked into the bleachers. When he turns his narrative toward a kid piloting an early model B-17 against German fighters, the account is filled with determination and fear. His use of language shines. An ashtray is "a cigarette graveyard," homeruns are "balls exploding off his bat like gunshots," and the "Spitfire was the Joe DiMaggio of British pursuit fighters—long and elegant, streamlined, it made everything look easy."

"History is best told through human experiences and human emotion," Klima notes. To best showcase this, he follows the experiences of three men: Hank Greenberg, the baseball legend turned soldier; Pete Gray, the one-arm underdog whose physical disability prevented him from joining the army and from playing professional baseball before the military draft created a player shortage; and Billy Southworth, Jr., the everyman bomber pilot and son of St. Louis Cardinals manager Billy Southworth.

The choice to follow the paths of these men is effective. Klima has not only provided the reader with three solid yet unique wartime perspectives, but also allowed himself ample room to move among topics that spin off from these three narratives. Using the experiences of Greenberg, Gray, and Southworth as threads to weave together the larger storyline, he writes of unique events such as a maharaja inviting US military teams to his summer palace so they could play baseball on his cricket pitch. Then he uses Hank Greenberg's recollection of witnessing the first American B-29 raid over Japan to make a smooth transition back to the central narrative.

The book is not without flaws. The descriptions of the baseball games can be repetitive, and the guesses at what subjects were thinking can come across as a bit presumptuous. Overall, however, these shortcomings are outweighed by the excellent depictions of frostbitten pilots flying the dangerous route over the Himalayan Hump; the triumphs of inspirational POW amputee Bert Shepard, who returned to baseball with a prosthetic leg; or the sorrow of Billy Southworth, Sr., as he trawled the water of New York City's Flushing Bay with the army, searching for the body of his son.

Throughout this already quite expansive history, Klima manages to include accounts that describe how World War II would shape baseball into its modern incarnation. "The war made the country come of age and took the games we played with it," he notes. The shortage of manpower, for example, led to the integration of African American and Latino teams, as well as a focus on ever-younger pools of ballplayers. The poor treatment of players during this time paved the way for the formation of unions and collective bargaining. The right to free agency was won and media rights were sold. World War II influenced modern baseball right down to the creation of the steel and concrete stadiums in which the game is played. Ultimately, Klima has demonstrated that "the story of the war and baseball is the story of us." He has written a story worth reading.

AIMEE TRAVISANO
Rome, Italy

In the end, Fellers decides that peace will be better served if the emperor is not prosecuted. MacArthur follows Fellers's advice, even though nasty General Richter (Colin Moy) has revealed that Fellers had redirected American bombing missions to save the village where Aya had been teaching. MacArthur then insists on a face-to-face meeting with Hirohito. Tetzaburo Sekiya (Isao Natsuyagi) briefs the general on the strict protocol he must follow for the meeting. MacArthur, of course, ignores Sekiya's instructions entirely.

Emperor has the raw materials for a fascinating historical drama, but it never reaches its potential. The fictional love story comes across as clichéd Hollywood artifice. The real story is the delicate dance the conquerors have to perform with the conquered, with MacArthur insistent that he will be the one who leads. Jones, who doesn't really look like MacArthur, nevertheless captures a sense of the general in his portrayal—arrogant, imperious, and earthy. He overshadows Fox, who seems out of his depth as Fellers. Even the fake, computer-generated shots of war-leveled Tokyo pack more of an emotional wallop than Fellers's imagined love story.

TOM HUNTINGTON
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Hell from the Heavens: The Epic Story of the USS *Laffey* and World War II's Greatest Kamikaze Attack

by John Wukovits, De Capo, 336 pages, $25.99

KAMIKAZE, MEANING "divine wind" or "spiritual wind," is a force of nature that contributed to the failure of two Mongol invasions of Japan in the late 1200s. Roughly translated, it means typhoon. A different force—a human force—bearing that name appeared during World War II, and it carried with it the same hope for the Japanese people, that it would be their salvation by keeping their home islands safe from an Allied invasion.

Because Japan was unable to stop the American offensive in the Pacific with conventional methods, during the later stages of World War II, Japanese military officials enlisted young pilots to fly their aircraft into enemy ships on suicide missions. The men were known as kamikazes. The first *organized* kamikaze attacks came on October 25, 1944, during the Battle of

Leyte Gulf. This wasn't the first occurrence, but it was the first time these attacks were employed as a strategy.

In *Hell from the Heavens: The Epic Story of the USS* Laffey *and World War II's Greatest Kamikaze Attack*, author John Wukovits examines perhaps the most compelling story in the Allied struggle against kamikaze attacks. On April 16, 1945, the US destroyer *Laffey (DD-724)*, an *Allen M. Sumner*–class destroyer, endured the nightmarish attacks of 22 kamikaze aircraft while at Picket Station No. 1 during the invasion of Okinawa. Wukovits begins by chronicling the extraordinary history of *Laffey* from her construction to her return to the United States after the attack.

Commander Frederick Becton took the helm of *Laffey* in 1943, when she was still being built. A graduate of the US Naval Academy, Becton had already seen heavy service in the Pacific theater and had even witnessed the last stand of the previous USS *Laffey, (DD-459)*, when she was sunk by a Japanese torpedo during the Battle of Guadalcanal in 1942. As commander of the USS *Aaron Ward (DD-483)* in April 1943, Becton lost sailors and his ship to Japanese aircraft attack while on escort duty. According to Wukovits, after that painful experience, Becton vowed to diligently train any sailors under his command in anti aircraft tactics. Once the second *Laffey* was commissioned in February 1944, Becton welcomed aboard a small cadre of experienced officers and men to help bring her to life. The first stop was the Boston Navy Yard, where the rest of the crew came aboard

To tell the story of *Laffey* and her crew, Wukovits brings together information and quotes from newspaper accounts, personal letters, diary entries, interviews with crew members, and the ship's veterans association and its website. He also draws from Becton's own book, *The Ship that Would Not Die*, written with Joseph Morschauser III. The sailors' perspectives add a personal touch to the story. They also give a first hand view of the various duties that needed to be done on the ship, from manning the anti-aircraft guns to working in sweat soaked uniforms in the engine room.

On June 6, 1944, the *Laffey* supported the invasion of Normandy. Along with other US destroyers, she blasted away at German artillery emplacements, breaking up troop concentrations and providing security against submarines and torpedo boats. The crew, drilled by Becton to a high state of readiness, came through with flying colors.

Later, in Cherbourg, *Laffey* proved highly effective against enemy positions, assisting US Army forces that were fighting to take that prized French port city. After that, the *Laffey* returned to the United States for a brief break before heading to the Pacific, where she lent support to the Allied landings on the Philippines. *Laffey*, again seemingly charmed, emerged unscathed and steamed on to support the landings at Iwo Jima and raids against the Japanese home islands

Laffey's luck changed during the invasion of Okinawa. On April 13, 1945, a Friday, her crew received orders to report to Picket Station No. 1, the most exposed and vulnerable picket station, where she would keep watch to provide advance warning of any Japanese air attacks. All was calm until the morning of the 16th, when within a span of 80 minutes 22 kamikaze aircraft homed in on *Laffey*. Six found their mark, killing 32 sailors and wounding scores of others. Somehow, the *Laffey* remained afloat and under her own power. The divine wind had failed to sink her. Wukovits has drawn on material from a variety of sources to provide a compelling narrative of this ship that wouldn't die.

MICHAEL EDWARDS
New Orleans, Louisiana

American Warlords: How Roosevelt's High Command Led America to Victory in World War II

by Jonathan W. Jordan, NAL Caliber, 624 pages, $28.95

IF EVER THERE WAS a book that will put to rest the impression that an Allied victory in World War II was a forgone conclusion at its outset, it is Jonathan Jordan's *American Warlords: How Roosevelt's High Command Led America to Victory in World War II*. In fact, after reading this tome, readers will agree with Jordan that the Allied victory was a near miracle.

Jordan writes that the United States "entrusted four men with the prosecution of America's war." The first three were General George Catlett Marshall, Admiral Ernest J. King, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson. "And over these men hovered Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a liberal Democrat thrown into a war where his friends became enemies, his enemies trusted allies."

Prior to the December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor, America's entry into the war was something Roosevelt felt was inevitable, but his nation did not necessarily agree. The tide turned after Pearl Harbor, an event that galvanized the majority of the citizenry in favor of war, but only against Japan. It was only after Germany declared war on the United States that a declaration of war against Germany came, quickly—and Roosevelt heaved a huge sigh of relief as he settled in and began managing the strategy that had long been playing out like a chess game in his head

But the devil is in the details, and the details were nearly non-existent. Jordan writes that in 1939, the United States was a "third-rate power," with fewer than 200,000 men in its army, while Germany had close to 7 million active and reserve troops, most of whom had combat experience. Even if the US Army could induct the necessary manpower to wage a war, there were very few resources available for training the men and next to nothing for them to ride, fly, shoot, or sail into combat. America had been busy trying to boost its post Depression economy by manufacturing goods that a nation at peace desired.

The aged Republican Stimson was a member of the opposition party in the White House, but he agreed with Roosevelt that fascism had to be stopped. The two men entered the global conflict with a common goal, but it wasn't always an easy partnership. They had personnel to induct and materiel to make, but they rarely agreed on how much of either and where everything should go.

Roosevelt was a master at using a lot of

words to say nothing during joint chiefs meetings. Each chief would ask for things and leave believing Roosevelt had agreed to provide them. "FDR encouraged dissent and talked out of both sides of his mouth," Jordan writes. "Lines would remain fuzzy, opportunities would be seized...." He preferred that there was no note taking during these meetings, so there was no official record. Often he would make decisions in the moment, even on important, complicated issues such as how many and what kind of ships to build. He would "dislocate King's sea strategy just as his snap decisions on bombers and tanks disrupted Marshall's land strategy." Formal and self deprecating, Marshall found this way of conducting war troubling. He found it even more disconcerting when Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill closeted themselves to strategize without consulting their military advisors

The task of leading the navy fell to King, commander in chief of the US Fleet, because Secretary of the Navy William Knox was a newspaperman whose expertise was in communication rather than prosecuting war at sea. King was the navy's top fighting man and a difficult personality who clashed with nearly everyone he met. He wrangled with Marshall almost constantly throughout the war, arguing for the available equipment and men to go to him rather than to US Army General Douglas MacArthur in Australia. And while King was struggling to fight the war in the Pacific, defeating Germany remained the top goal in Washington.

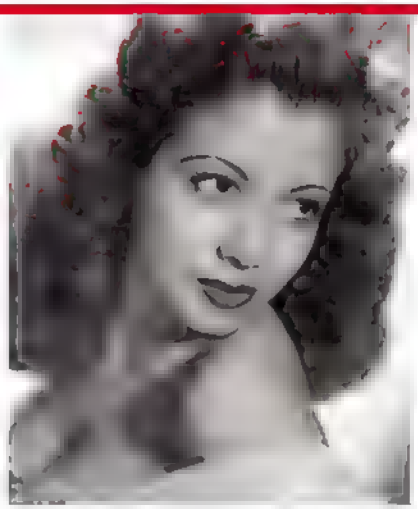
Yet the troubled partnership worked. FDR had the gift of being reasonable and persuasive, and he trusted that the men he had selected knew, or would learn, how to negotiate, manage, and compromise. Jordan writes that King's and Marshall's ability to "get along" is both a "testament to their patriotism" and a measure of how desperate they were to defeat the enemy. Their ability to "preserve their artificial unity through the victories of Midway, Normandy, Saipan, and beyond was a near miracle."

Jordan concludes *American Warlords* with a summary of Roosevelt's "uniquely American method of war leadership—finding a group of headstrong fighters, meddling when he needed to meddle, and letting them do their jobs when he didn't." The book is well written and thorough, with a substantial number of endnotes that catalog an extensive and impressive gallery of primary and secondary sources. It's a very pleasant read.

ALLYSON PATTON
Books and Media reviews editor

★ 78 RPM

A Rooftop Debut



THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL ASTOR was a Manhattan blueblood's garden of paradise. Patrons of ample means gathered here in this Times Square setting made lush by artfully arranged greenery and a manmade waterfall to rub finely clothed elbows with their social peers and be exquisitely entertained. A guest could lounge on a comfortable chair while chatting with tycoons and socialites and listen to the sounds of a world famous orchestra as breezes nonexistent at street level cooled the summer swelter.

Topping off 11 stories filled with 1,000 luxurious rooms and assorted ballrooms, the Astor roof was a heck of a place to break into the big time music business, especially for a girl too young to drink the fancy cocktails mixed by the crisply attired bartenders. But Benny Goodman, the clarinet-wielding leader of America's most popular big band, was desperate in the summer of 1943. His singer had just eloped with his guitar player, and he had a gig here to be broadcast on the radio. He spread the word that he would hold an audition for a female vocalist right away.

Monica Lewis hopped the subway to Times Square and found 300 competitors awaiting their opportunity to impress. "Everybody had very high heels on and was dressed in their best and had sheet music with them," she recalled. Girl after girl got up to sing, and Goodman gave each a few bars before interrupting with a polite "Thank you very much." Lewis made it all the way through her song, then Goodman chimed in, "Hey kid, can you come back tonight at 7:30? You'll be on national air." Her answer was yes, of course. "I ran home and got my mom, got the dress from my sister's best friend and came back with the whole family that night and became Benny Goodman's girl singer."

Goodman wanted Lewis to go on tour with him, but her parents thought that even as she turned 21, she was too young, and they persuaded her to stay put. It didn't seem to hurt her career, though. In no time, the bottle blonde soon to be known as America's Singing Sweetheart would go from sitting in college classes to touring the nation, singing to packed houses, starring on radio shows, and acting on Broadway. Then came her two biggest claims to fame: providing the voice of the postwar animated banana in Chiquita commercials that aired over 14 years, and receiving a marriage proposal from future president Ronald Reagan.

Like many radio stars, Lewis moved to television in the 1950s. Her career stalled after MGM gave her a movie contract. The studio hired her as plan B in case Lana Turner quit, but when Turner re-signed, it had no use for Lewis. After that, Lewis took occasional minor acting roles into the eighties, including on the TV shows *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, and *Falcon Crest* and in the film *Airport '77*. She died in June 2015.

CARL ZEBROWSKI
editor of *America in WWII*

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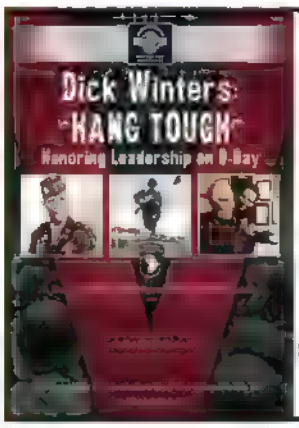

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★ WWII EVENTS

CALIFORNIA • **Oct. 24, Chino:** The ninth annual Taste of Flight Gala. Aviator Clay Lacy will deliver the keynote address. Wine and beer tastings, food, desserts, entertainment, silent auction. Tickets required. Planes of Fame Air Museum. 909-597-3722. www.planesoffame.org

LOUISIANA • **Sept. 19, New Orleans:** "Living History Corps." WWII reenactors in period costumes share their knowledge of the day-to-day lives of military men and women and explain some broader lessons of the war. 11 A.M.–3 P.M. The National World War II Museum. 504-528-1944. www.nationalww2museum.org

Oct. 23–25, New Orleans: WWII AirPower Expo 2015. A fleet of WWII aircraft will take over the tarmac of the New Orleans Lakefront Airport. Visitors can touch legendary aircraft, climb inside the cockpits, and even strap in for a ride-along flight. Sponsored by the National WWII Museum. New Orleans Lakefront Airport. 504-528-1944. www.nationalww2museum.org

MASSACHUSETTS • **Sept. 5–6, Falls River:** World War II Weekend. Veterans, reenactors, and a display of equipment, artillery, and vehicles. Free with paid museum admission. Battleship Cove Museum. 508-678-1100, ext. 102. www.battleshipcove.org

OHIO • **Sept. 4–6, Dayton:** Giant-scale radio-controlled model aircraft air show. Acrobatics performed by model jets, helicopters, and warbirds. 9 A.M.–5 P.M. Free admission and parking. National Museum of the US Air Force. 937-255-3286. www.nationalmuseum.af.mil

PENNSYLVANIA • **Sept. 19–20, Gettysburg:** World War II Weekend. Living history, reenactments, USO dance, and a WWII military vehicle display at the farm where general and president Dwight Eisenhower spent his retirement. Encampment opens at 9 A.M. Off-site parking and shuttle service available. Eisenhower National Historic Site. 717-338-9114. www.nps.gov/eise/planyourvisit/2014-wwii-weekend.htm

TEXAS • **Sept. 19, Fredericksburg:** "In Stealth We Trust: Special Operations and Their Origins in WWII." Symposium. Free for students. Registration required for the general public. Sponsored by the Nimitz Museum. Fredericksburg Theater Company. 830-997-8600. www.nimitz-museum.org

Oct. 17–18, Houston: Wings over Houston Air Show. Vintage WWII planes and modern aircraft. "Tora! Tora! Tora!" Pearl Harbor reenactment, WWII airpower demonstration featuring WWII trainers, liaison aircraft, fighters, bombers, and transport planes. Ellington Airport. 713-266-4492. www.wingsoverhouston.com

WASHINGTON • **Sept. 19, Everett:** Battle of Britain. Planes that fought in the skies over Great Britain take to the air. Admission fee includes special events and lectures, a free pilots' autograph-signing session, and an up-close look at aircraft. Event begins at 10 A.M., planes fly at noon. Flying Heritage Collection. (206) 342-4242. www.flyingheritage.com

WASHINGTON, DC • **Sept. 2:** V-J Day 70th Anniversary Commemoration. Includes a wreath-laying ceremony with WWII veterans and representatives of the United States and her Pacific allies. Register online or by telephone. 10:30 A.M. Sponsored by the Friends of the National WWII Memorial and the National Park Service. National World War II Memorial. 202-675-2017. www.wwiimemorialfriends.org

Please call the numbers provided or visit websites to check on dates, times, locations, and other information before planning trips.

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Memories of a Nazi Massacre

An ambulance driver with the 101st Airborne Division, Steve Domitrovich was ambushed along with the rest of his company in a snowy field at Malmedy, Belgium. Only he and a handful of others walked away.

STEVE DOMITROVICH WAS 20 YEARS OLD when he avoided German bullets in a snowy field in Belgium. Every day since, he has wondered how he survived an infamous massacre that killed 84 others.

Drafted into the army in 1943, Domitrovich went to work driving ambulances for the 101st Airborne Division, duty that put him in daily contact with the macabre realities of warfare. Even so, his own brush with death was worse than he could have imagined.

Domitrovich was traveling with the 575th Ambulance Company in December 1944 when the Battle of the Bulge broke out. In the Belgian town of Malmedy, the company was attacked by Germans. Taken prisoner by the SS unit Kampfgruppe Peiper, the men were gathered in a field and told to face their captors. "We're going to Germany," Domitrovich remembers his buddy saying. "No," another friend replied, "they're going to shoot us."

The Germans then opened fire, and Domitrovich dropped into a ditch. After the machine-gun blaze ended, the SS men walked among the fallen bodies, shooting anyone who moved. The soldier next to Domitrovich was shot, but Domitrovich feigned death and was spared. Minutes passed like hours. When the Germans finally left, Domitrovich and the other survivors had no choice but to leave their fallen companions and seek refuge.

Domitrovich returned home after the war and maintained all appearances of a normal life. He fell in love with a woman at first sight and married her. He opened a deli that he ran for 30 years. Even so, the memories of that day in Malmedy would haunt him. He still hears the cries of wounded soldiers and the mocking insults of the Germans. Above all, he questions why he was one of the few who walked away. ★

Submitted by ABBY BLINN, *intern at the Robert H. Jackson Center, a non-profit in Jamestown, New York, named after the chief prosecutor of Nazis in the Nuremberg trials. Adapted by editorial intern* LIZZY HARDISON. *An interview with Steve Domitrovich that was part of the Jackson center's Defenders of Freedom oral history project is available on YouTube.*

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